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For one hundred and thirty-four years Wake Forest University has walked humbly with God and Man. The institution may be tired of it all. Some face-lifting, some token relevance, and extended tolerance have not really altered the pace. Slow. And cumbersome.

But once again the fall brings us new walkers called freshmen. Watch out, they are running. And kicking.

So we present a fresh pair of boots: the Student Magazine. They are stage boots because we want to put on a better show here. They are heavy boots because some toes need to be stepped on. But most of all, these boots are new. Flamboyant.

They may not work. But we present them to you to try on for size. They may be too outrageously large for the establishment here, or too small for sprinting students.

We invite you, with gusto, to walk a mile or two in our boots. So take off running.

Cover photo and all photos for "Elton John, Superstar" were taken by Jeff Bryer, a student at the University of Pennsylvania. Reprints of pictures are available. Contact John Browning in THE STUDENT office, 224 Reynolda Hall. Pictures for "The Incredible Intensity of Rici (Ricky)" were obtained through the help of the Moose Lodge of Galax, Virginia. The photos were taken by Mark Sanderford of Morganton, North Carolina.

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Elton John



Superstar

ELTON JOHN, SUPERSTAR

Reggie Dwight Is Alive & Well In the
Shrieks of Millions of Groupie-
Chicks and the Hearts of a Few
Connoisseurs



by John Browning

O Lost! Think back gently, if you will, to those days when teaming hordes of young scampy virgins clung to the stadium fence and shrieked orgasmic adulations to their gods, the Beatles. O Losing! Whine back shortly to those nights when connoisseurs gazed longingly into the eyes of James Taylor album covers and wished upon their neuroses.

What is the difference, anyway, between a clinging scamp (groupie) and a longing gazer (connoisseur)? Not much when you consider how little real future there is in being either. The connoisseurs you will find groping around in the past for some art that is respectable enough to bolster their stability. The groupies you will find dashing around in the present, panting for some thrill that is spiked enough to bolster their craziness.

Maybe that is overstating it. Connoisseurs are rarely interesting enough to write articles about. But what about groupies? I've been wondering if those same boistrous crowds of zany fans have been around forever. That when Adam was created they ran up to the edge of Eden and tore up handfuls of grass (the same grass Adam had walked on); that they made hey while the son shined in Jerusalem; that maybe even those same vocalites were cheering Neil Armstrong on when he made his giant moonstep for mankind, but that their shrieks just got lost out there in the void. Maybe a groupie-chick is just a flipped-out cheerleader. Or maybe it's a genetic inheritance to be one: you get long, stringy greasy hair off one chromosome, a shrill voice off another, strong legs to chase stars with off another, etc. At least practically, you inherit tons of scrap paper and defective ball-point pens for stars to touch their name with.

They've been hiding, all those delirious females. The Race has missed them, too. Did they just get lost during the war protests and all that serious stuff that ended the Beatle decade, or were they just secretly

regrouping to catch another star?

Of course we know that the connoisseurs have always been hiding. But what would happen, asks history, if a super star came along who brought both the connoisseurs and the groupies out of hiding? A kind of "groovy genius"? For one thing, he would be written up in *Time Magazine*, making him both relevant and respectable. Yukkk.

II

As it so happened, just over a year ago I was reading *Time* under a tranquil magnolia afternoon, looking first under "Cinema" for any hot pictures, then under "Music" for something new from the folks who brought you culture. Only this time under "Music" there was no Virgil Fox or Leonard Bernstein or Andre Previn, the usual Big Three Relevant-Respectables. Rather, there was a picture of this guy in a jumpsuit doing handstands on the keyboard of a grand piano. The article said his name was Elton John and anticipated that he would be *the* new super star of the seventies. Well, you know how it goes with predictions in *Time*. But there was an amazing contrast between what I read and what I saw in the picture; the words said that he had studied music at London's Royal Academy of Music and that he was somewhat intellectual—but the picture showed some fantastic silver boots flying around on the feet of an outrageous musical acrobat of sorts. That doesn't make sense. Good, I thought, it's about time that something didn't make sense, but sure enough how do you get from classical music to silver boots and handstands? Either this Elton John has the most hype image-making producer in hype rock history, I thought, or else Elton is himself pretty far out. Those could be the boots of a fool or a genius. I suspended judgment, but secretly I hoped that those boots could

someday stomp out the skepticism of connoisseurs and re-arouse the lost shrieks of groupie-chicks.

III

Paradox. Truth must be somewhere in those wild boots hiding. Those boots had been straddling two sides of a vital dilemma—something old, something new. Which? Both? Elton John wasn't out to dispel any dilemma with his first album, following shortly on the bootheels of that *Time* prophesy. In fact, the album was a sentimental portrayal of some romantic uncertainties of life. On the album cover was a dark picture of Elton's face: brooding, sensitive, intelligent, shadowed by horn-rimmed glasses—definitely connoisseur material. The music inside was as evocative as the image outside. There was a new, gentle intensity to the sounds of that album. Bernie Taupin's poetry ("lyrics" he insists) had lived with Elton John's melodies. It was like some cosmic brother of Homer's intoning rosy-fingered dawn. Maybe that is the essence of the Elton John phenomenon: the wedding of a fine poet's words to the lips and fingers of a fine musician.

"The King Must Die", the last song of that album, had a compelling seriousness. It seemed to foreshadow some even larger, deeper vision to come. It's a choking, agonized thrill when Elton soars "The King is dead, the king is dead, Long live the King." The larger, deeper vision came in the second American-released album, *Tumbleweed Connection*. The last song of that album, "Burn Down the Mission", is a brutal masterpiece for Elton John's songwriting, piano, voice, and for Bernie Taupin's lyrics. It's a masterpiece that connoisseurs and groupies alike could dig, but maybe not yet off a studio recording. Maybe that's why, after perfecting these two polished studio albums, Elton John came to America. Maybe the connoisseurs and groupies had been hiding too long in the mission. Maybe he came to forge the tumbleweed connection between British genius and American passion, to burn down the mission.

IV

That's all very philosophically possible, but it doesn't mean much to all those strange groupie-chicks. They dig flesh-quivering, revolving, performing, suggestive humanity dramatizing their fantasies on the stage. They don't particularly dig violins, or poetic excellence, or romanticism or any of those other things that gilded Elton John's first two albums as well as incredibly sensitive film sound

track album *Friends*. And that's all right, you can't always get what you want. But they do dig superstars. And their boots. And their music if it shakes them. Connoisseurs have a lot to gain from the excitement of groupies.

V

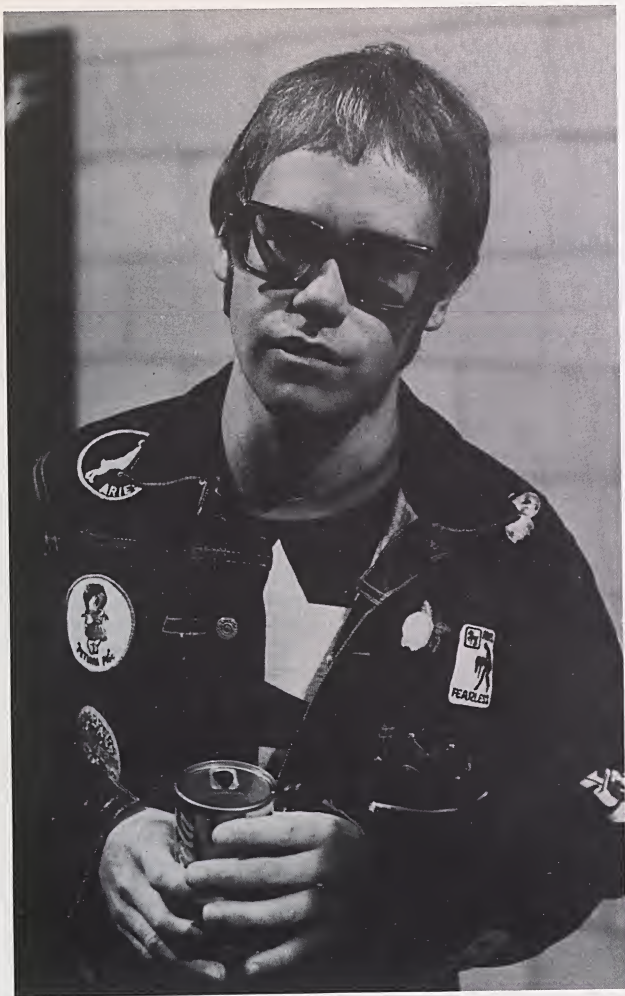
And there was lots of excitement present in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania last June 18. Some silver superstar boots were coming to town that night, and God knows the groupies needed a hero for their summer heat. Likewise, we know the connoisseurs needed a giant to awaken their everlasting lethargy. Since the boots belonged to Elton John, I, the groupies, and the connoisseurs showed up with great expectations.

The supreme symbol for that event of 6/18/71, the Elton John Concert, is the dirt. Harrisburg's Farm Show Arena has a dirt floor, for livestock promenades and the like. That's all right. But in the late (un-magnolia) afternoon before the show, it bothers me. Can that brooding, cranial, soulful Elton John really afford to shower his artistic prowess onto all that dirt? Will it choke on the dust? Or will it mix and make mud to heal the lost vision of all those teeny-boppers and critics?

The sound men were cynical. Gene said I picked a lousy place for my first time to see Elton John in concert. I didn't much listen to him. I figured that if Elton was a fool, he would bite the dust, that if he was a genius he would pave it with gold.

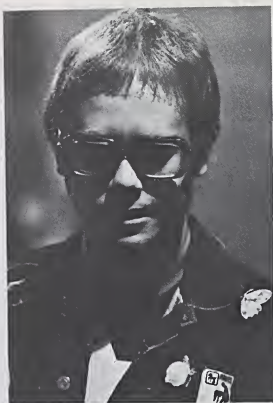
6:30 comes and they let the screaming bubble-gum smackers in through the \$5.00@ head barricades. They dash straight over the railing in front of the comfortable seats and head like stampeding cattle down to the dirt right in front of the stage, throw their blankets down and camp out in waiting. Striding in the wake of the groupies' dust cloud, the connoisseurs take their respectable relevant seats far enough back to avoid the peons but close enough up to 'see his hands on the keyboard' (Van Cliburn is such a drag). The groupies drop, light up, plan, then head for backstage where they might catch a glimpse of The One Who Was Sent In Flesh.

The white LTD drives up late. Elton John dismounts. From my hopes, and my wonderings. As some local well-known society columnette might have put it: 'his blue denim jeans, heavily patched with such strongly anti-heroic symbols as Porky Pig and Daffy Duck, were strikingly offset by his matching blue denim jacket and large, clear-framed tinted glasses.' I played reporter and got into the dressing room.



While we were talking in there before the concert, this one crazed groupie-chick ran in the door, ran up to one end of the dressing room, looked around frantically, ran up to the other end, dashed over to a corner, yelled 'How do I get out of here', and charged back out the door. I suppose she was looking for to meet Elton John. But in her frenzied chase about his very dressing room, she somehow missed him. O Loser!

I don't think Elton noticed her. His real name is Reggie Dwight and he seems to be so intelligent that his speech is slightly faltered as he rolls his eyes out to oblivion and back in an instant, slows down his mind to answer the questions sensibly. And that takes effort, because any question put to a man who is about to go out and turn on thousands of unknown people is bound to be senseless. I am tempted to be a real-life reporter and ask some stupid question like 'how do you feel?' But my eyes and the camera answer that question before it is ever asked. He is nervous trying to be calm. He is not given to the usual artistic bitchiness. He is poised, kind, and anxiously polite. But since Reggie seems to have so many things on his mind, he eagerly awaits conversation so that he can drink in the milk of human kindness. And Humor. Someone brings him a cup of tea, and as he holds it up in mock poise like precious pre-concert hemlock, he spoofs "Hmmm... Elton John gets high on tea." Get that down, kiddos. I know it sounds stock, but Reggie Dwight is really a nice man to be so coherent under such stress. But during a lag in the chat, I turn toward the bench. There they are, sitting like two deadly, heavenly holsters: THOSE BOOTS! What will happen when he steps into them? You want to keep looking back and forth between the silver boots on the bench and the man sipping his classic tea, you want to figure out how the two got together. And when. And why.



"People should never put ambition down."

from an interview in Rolling Stone, June 10, 1971



*And you can tell everybody, this is your song
It may be quite simple, but now that it's done
I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind
That I put down in words
How wonderful life is while you're in the world.*

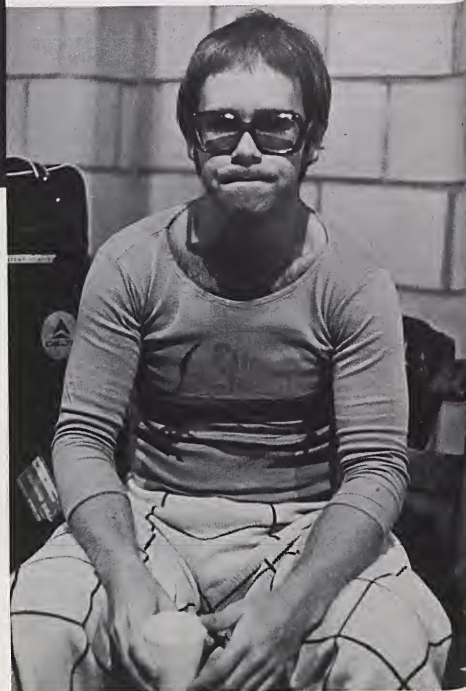
*I sat on the roof and kicked of the moss
Well a few of the verses, well they've got me quite cross
But the sun's been quite kind while I wrote this song,
It's for people like you, that keep it turned on.*

*So excuse me forgetting, but these things I do
You see I've forgotten, if they're green or they're blue
Anyway the thing is, what I really mean
Yours are the sweetest eyes I've ever seen.*

*(from "Your Song"--
Bernie Taupin, Elton John
Dick James Music, Inc.)*

VI

When 9:30 rolls around, the crowd is chanting impatiently for the show to begin. Mark Almond, the other billing, is through. The groupies are packed up front with their Elton John albums in hand (it seems they wanted him to stomp on them during his act so they can take home the pieces). The connoisseurs are not too far behind them now, and the expectancy is electric.





Some radical-chic disc jockey mounts the stage and welcomes everybody, pausing far too long for any concert-goer's blood pressure. Finally he says the two magic words—"ELTON JOHN"—and out from the dirt behind the stage and up to the front of the grand piano come the boots and the man: timid, nervy, together, ready.

From the first refrain of the first song ("Ballad of a Well-Known Gun") there is a miraculous change in the audience. The groupies, whose predecessors just two nights before in Baltimore had nearly broken up his show, become subdued. They are so awed by the



power and depth of his magnetic talent that they actually listen. But get this, the connoisseurs are going crazy. Sure, Virgil Fox had his red cape, Bernstein his arching eyebrows, Previn his hip wife, But this Elton John has passion, genius, and deserved silver-starred boots.



What caused the switch in the audience? His face. The face of that human named Reggie White, named Elton John, calmed the groupies and showed them fluid beauty, while it enflamed the connoisseurs and showed them funk. His face, at every glance, captured the crowd's psyche, and says with ecstatic melancholy: "It's cool".



But then something happens, something far beyond the apocalyptic fervor of this last song of the concert, "Burn Down the Mission". Till then it had indeed been cool, everyone digging the show in his own way. But the beginning of this song suspends everything that has occurred into a summary reflection:



*You tell me there's an angel in your tree
Did he say he'd come to call on me?
Well things are getting desperate in our home
Livin' in the parish, of the restless folks I know:*

It is us he knows, we connoisseurs and groupies alike are now restless and we sense an end and a beginning. The song, the performer, and the crowd—The Event—take off with the final phrases:

*Behind four walls of stone, the rich man sleeps
It's time we put the flame torch to their keep*



*"...they dig flesh-quivering, revolving,
performing, suggestive humanity dramatizing
their fantasies on stage...they do dig
superstars. And their boots. And their
music if it shakes them."*

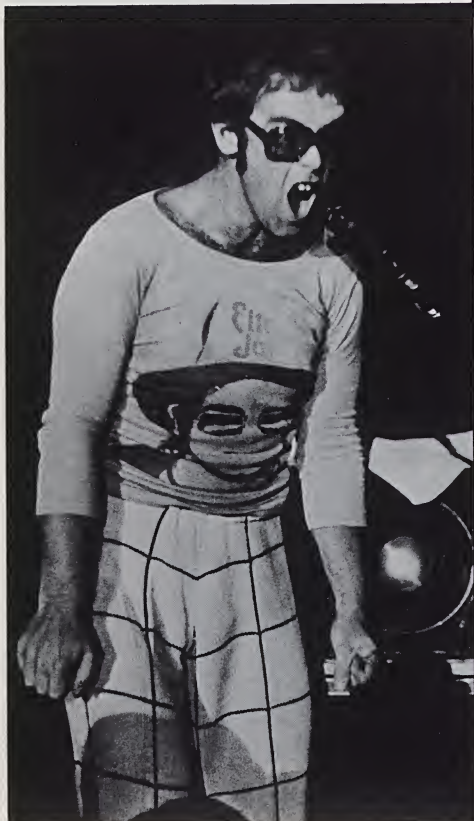




... and the rest is history. His boots kick away the piano stool as he speeds up and takes off on an incredibly fast trip, and in Elton's own words, the crowd "goes mental". He plays around at closing the cover over the keyboard, but with a wink and a jerk he and his boots are soaring up to the top of the piano, where he begins a brazen dramatization of the passionate throng. Then he leaps from the Steinway down almost into the arms of the audience, runs up and down across the stage, back to the keyboard, down on his knees, and carries on this incredible happening of fire and music. Nigel Olsson is pulsating on those twelve shimmering silver drums, as svelte Dee Murray undergirds the entire hysteria with his spacy bass guitar.



Elton John jives like a black man. Grabbing the microphone as the band jams on, he entones: "Burn it right on down!" Lo and behold, the cattle all surge forth from behind me, connoisseurs and groupies alike. We have shed our roles and images and are caught up together in the mad human crunch as we yell back at once on impulse: "Right on!" Elton looks up from the microphone. He is dazed. All those thousands of shrieking, loving cattle have caught the ironically essential words of his entonation. Such power was Sly Stone's at Woodstock when everybody picked up on "Take me higher!" Elton hesitates. He surges, lunges back into the microphone: "Right on!" He's playing with our heads now, and we love it. With jubilant verbal unity, the crowd stabs back: "Right On!" It's too much and too late now, and Elton John throws his head back, strains his face up to the endless spotlighted heavens canopied with steel rafters, and *shriek's*: "Right on!"



page twelve




Then he spins around to the keyboard, and either makes love with the piano, or rides it, or kills it. Like a divine donkey—a fool or a genius—he kicks his legs and boots straight up into the air while still playing the last few visions of 'Burn Down the Mission'. Eight times he did those flying handstands on the roaring Steinway lion, flashing silver boots, wrenching gospel shrieks, and the crowd berserked him with furious joy.



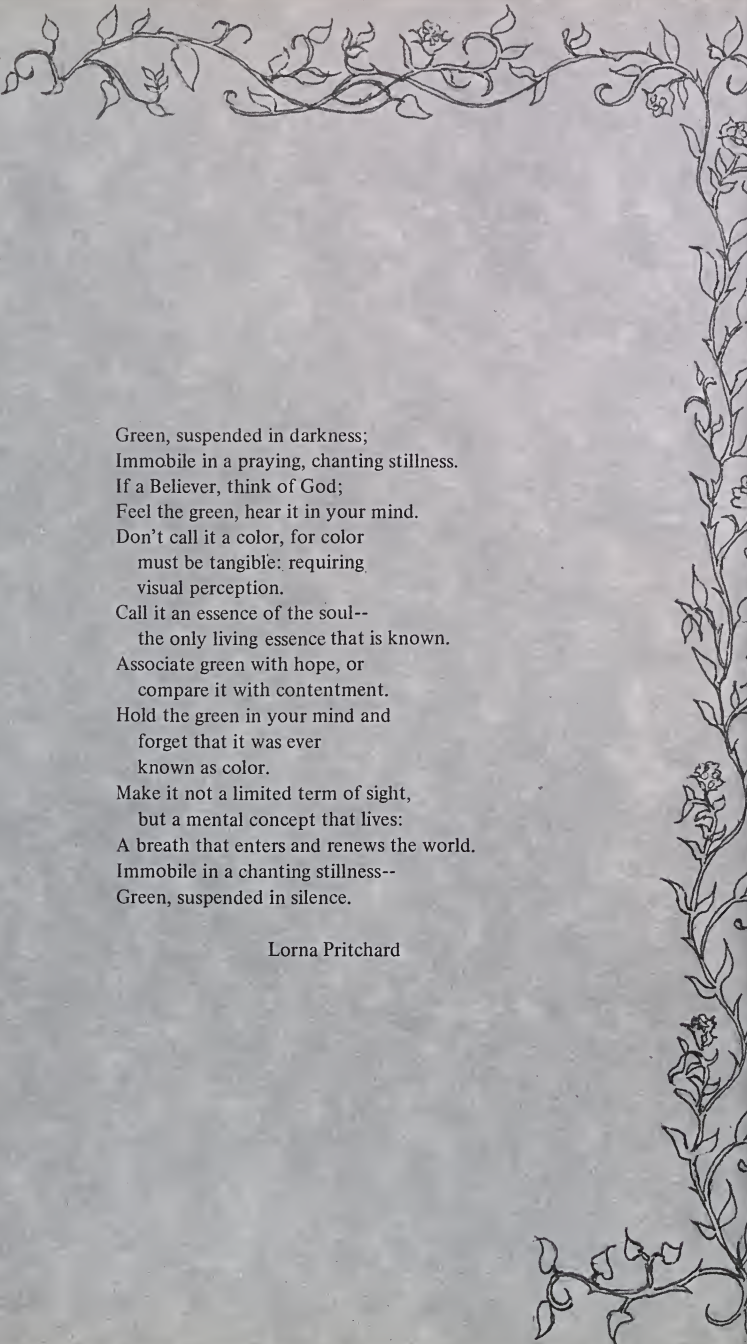
We inspired cattle were astounded at the sensual, musical rapture of Elton John's gift. The groupie-chicks left the Farm Show Arena in tears, and I wondered if they would soon seek a newer, fancier set of boots. The connoisseurs left the Arena in tears, and what more can you say. Elton John left Harrisburg, but not really. The legacy of a great musician burns hot on the shrieks of groupies and long in the hearts of connoisseurs. O Wow!





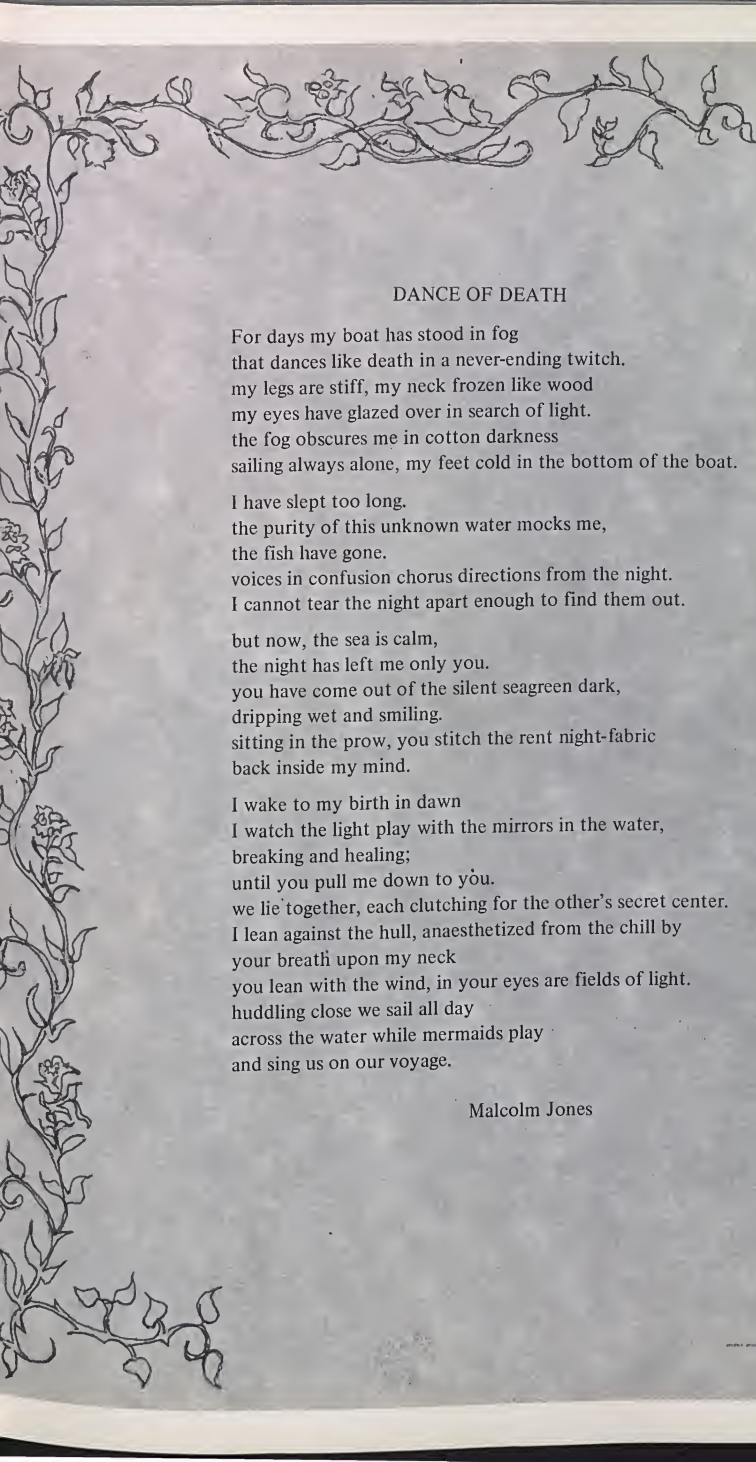
Figures waiting serpentine about me
in muddy heavy humanness
Power-bounded muscle men about me
Next to me one kneels, cowers embracing my knees
my fingers sift the soft cool hair strands
feel the energy between my hands and the trust
that I return
And for why am I importuned
Another one, next in line beside my child bloats in rage a
wild bull black threatening
There, now retreating, bulging the muscles for the charge
Furious swift the rush and the hand upheld
now down, heavy down smash to my neck
the crumple upon the floor and no feeling
And for why am I attacked
There, again preparing, gloating gathering force and
rushes the hand into my neck with no feeling
Ah, time and space in the eternal instant
encompass One immense particle no
thought no will but all I there on the
bridge between
The transition is so easy.

Kathy Taylor



Green, suspended in darkness;
Immobile in a praying, chanting stillness.
If a Believer, think of God;
Feel the green, hear it in your mind.
Don't call it a color, for color
 must be tangible: requiring
 visual perception.
Call it an essence of the soul--
 the only living essence that is known.
Associate green with hope, or
 compare it with contentment.
Hold the green in your mind and
 forget that it was ever
 known as color.
Make it not a limited term of sight,
 but a mental concept that lives:
A breath that enters and renews the world.
Immobile in a chanting stillness--
Green, suspended in silence.

Lorna Pritchard



DANCE OF DEATH

For days my boat has stood in fog
that dances like death in a never-ending twitch.
my legs are stiff, my neck frozen like wood
my eyes have glazed over in search of light.
the fog obscures me in cotton darkness
sailing always alone, my feet cold in the bottom of the boat.

I have slept too long.
the purity of this unknown water mocks me,
the fish have gone.
voices in confusion chorus directions from the night.
I cannot tear the night apart enough to find them out.

but now, the sea is calm,
the night has left me only you.
you have come out of the silent seagreen dark,
dripping wet and smiling.
sitting in the prow, you stitch the rent night-fabric
back inside my mind.

I wake to my birth in dawn
I watch the light play with the mirrors in the water,
breaking and healing;
until you pull me down to you.
we lie together, each clutching for the other's secret center.
I lean against the hull, anaesthetized from the chill by
your breath upon my neck
you lean with the wind, in your eyes are fields of light.
huddling close we sail all day
across the water while mermaids play
and sing us on our voyage.

Malcolm Jones

A FAIRY TALE

Once upon a time there was in the midst of a great and Turbulent Sea, a small wooded island of the name of Wake. Now wise magicians lived on this wooded island, and every year many boys and girls journeyed to the island to learn from the magicians the Ancient Formulas, the Old Songs and Poems, the Secrets of the Stars, and the Great Thoughts.

Following their migration to the Island, all the boys and girls engaged in a marvelous bazaar. Everyone hustled and crowded from booth to booth bargaining to be apprenticed to their favorite magicians. Sometimes, there was much wailing and moaning and gnashing of teeth at disappointment, but eventually, affairs were always settled.

Then, in the daytime, the boys and girls scurried from one corner of the forested isle to another over worn paths in the grass to visit all the different magicians and hear them reveal the Treasured Knowledge. Some of the boys and girls even spent the sunny afternoons secluded in mysterious caverns where they practiced Sorcery according to the Formulas of the Old Knowledge.

But in the nighttime, the boys and girls cavorted and made merry, dancing while they drank the bubbly brew from cauldrons of wizards who worked near the island.

Thus the days and the seasons passed. Old boys and girls learned and left, and new ones came to fill their places. And the days and the seasons passed.

Alas, however, evil times befell the little isle. Two wicked trolls came to the island and began to prey upon the most cherished wealth of the Forest. Philistus and his equally evil, though lazy, brother Apatheticon reared their hideous heads out of the depths of the Turbulent Sea. They clamored on the Island and in the Forest, leaving in their path crushed flowers, uprooted trees, and a trail of ghastly slime where green grass once had been. Soon, sunrise was no longer an occasion for rejoicing in the Forest, for the fearful rumbling of the trolls' approach clouded over the reawakening hope that the dawntime used to bring.

For breakfast every morning Philistus and Apatheticon consumed songs by the score, and sometimes a lyre or lute. At midday, the dreaded pair devoured a dozen plays apiece, and for supper the monstrous gluttons gobbled pictures and carvings, with poems for dessert.

Under the disastrous scourge of the trolls the islanders were forced to remove all of their instruments and The Scrolls of the Sweet Sounds into an alcove of the Great Sanctum. Everyone hoped that the presence of the High Priest would afford some protection. But the Scholars of the Sacred Learnings taught in one corner of the Great Sanctum, and

the boys and girls and magicians and the High Priest and the supplicants were so crowded together that the Scholars of the Sacred Learning could barely teach, the High Priest had no place to store the equipment of the Ceremonial Rites, and one could scarce unroll even one Scroll of Sweet Sounds. And so, the Sweet Sounds were few indeed.

The Scholars of the Wonderful Drawings hid themselves and their treasures in a well-concealed hole in the ground, hoping to be preserved from the greedy claws and drooping fangs of Philistus and Apatheticon.

What is more, the boys and girls had to hold all their masques high in the top of the Great Tree where all the Scrolls of Wisdom were kept. So whenever there was a dionysion festival, all the people had to climb to the wee top of the Great Tree, near the sun where it was very hot.

By and by, however, Philistus and Apatheticon grew even more ravenous, so that the Crafts that Brought Delight were in grave peril, even though separated and kept secret. The boys and girls began to wonder if learning the Old Knowledge, nightly celebrations and even the noisy and riotous Traditional Battles for Possession of the Egg would be enough to keep everycne happy and contented.

At last the boys and girls decided that they must protect the pursuit of the Delicate Crafts, for these gave them much pleasure. They bravely resolved that their only choice was to destroy the evil brothers, Philistus and Apatheticon.

So the boys and girls laid carefully their plans and one foggy night, not long after, in a single, united ambush, the islanders were able to surprise the sleeping trolls. In a brief but heroic moment, the boys and girls choked them both and dissolved the remains with a powerful potion.

All this time, unbeknownst to the boys and girls, the Fairy Godmother of the Isle of Wake had been watching and abetting their noble efforts. She was so pleased with their matchless, though unaccustomed, concern and courage that she promised a reward for the conquerors of Philistus and Apatheticon. A mushroom was immediately transformed into a giant gingerbread house where all the people could come to make and hear the Sweet Sounds, to see the Wonderful Drawings or watch a masque. The islanders were so charmed by their new gift that the Sweet Sounds multiplied and became sweeter. The Drawings became numberless and even more Wonderful, and the masques were grander and more frequent. Happiness and warmth radiated from the Gingerbread House to every niche of the Forest and so healed the old wounds left by the trolls that more fragrant flowers sprouted, and lovelier trees were planted to cover the scars. And a reign of peace and harmony prevailed in the Island from generation to generation.

AKSA BEACH

for Shama

Stopping travel, I turn
and the sea finds me.

Obeying the sea-air's quiet goading
towards water heel, eye, ear stand
at the ocean's feet. A wave breaks

And the body is launched.
The ending tide rolls on, foam silently
breaking in the rear. A washed calm

Is let loose: years, like fingers opening
light through liquid's every incoming heave.
Waves repeat, change, and arms move

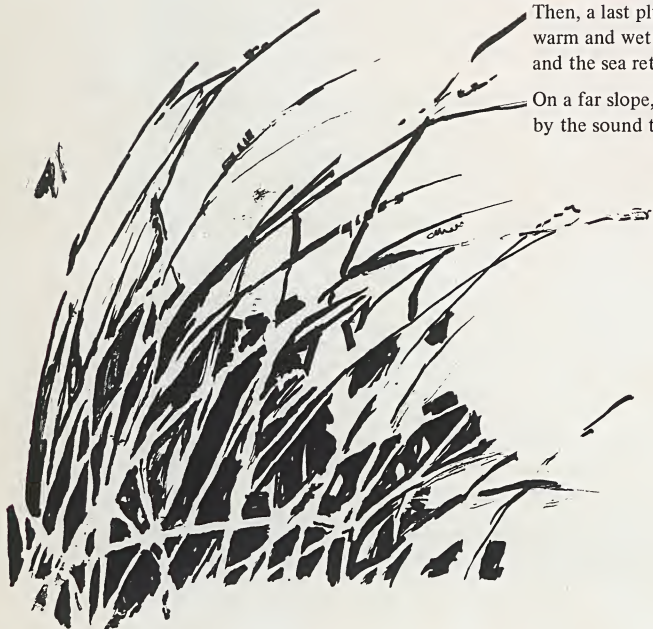
Shoreward for a portion of sun.
On the crisp sand the simple breath grows
small: Blood hangs hot about the eyes

Strands of sky closed in.
The mind is a hollow shell
conscious only of the ocean's single statement

Then, a last plunge -- until the senses turn
warm and wet to the trees
and the sea returns to its salt.

On a far slope, I am still described
by the sound the stationed sea sends out.

Saleem Peeradina





STILL LIFE

Face-up in a crook of brown, the river
breathes. Out of the sun-lit air
from the rim of a small town's still repose

Her ankles ringing the quiet path
a woman descends.

The river mumbles, stirs
where the woman bends, as if
the ripples were shifting circles

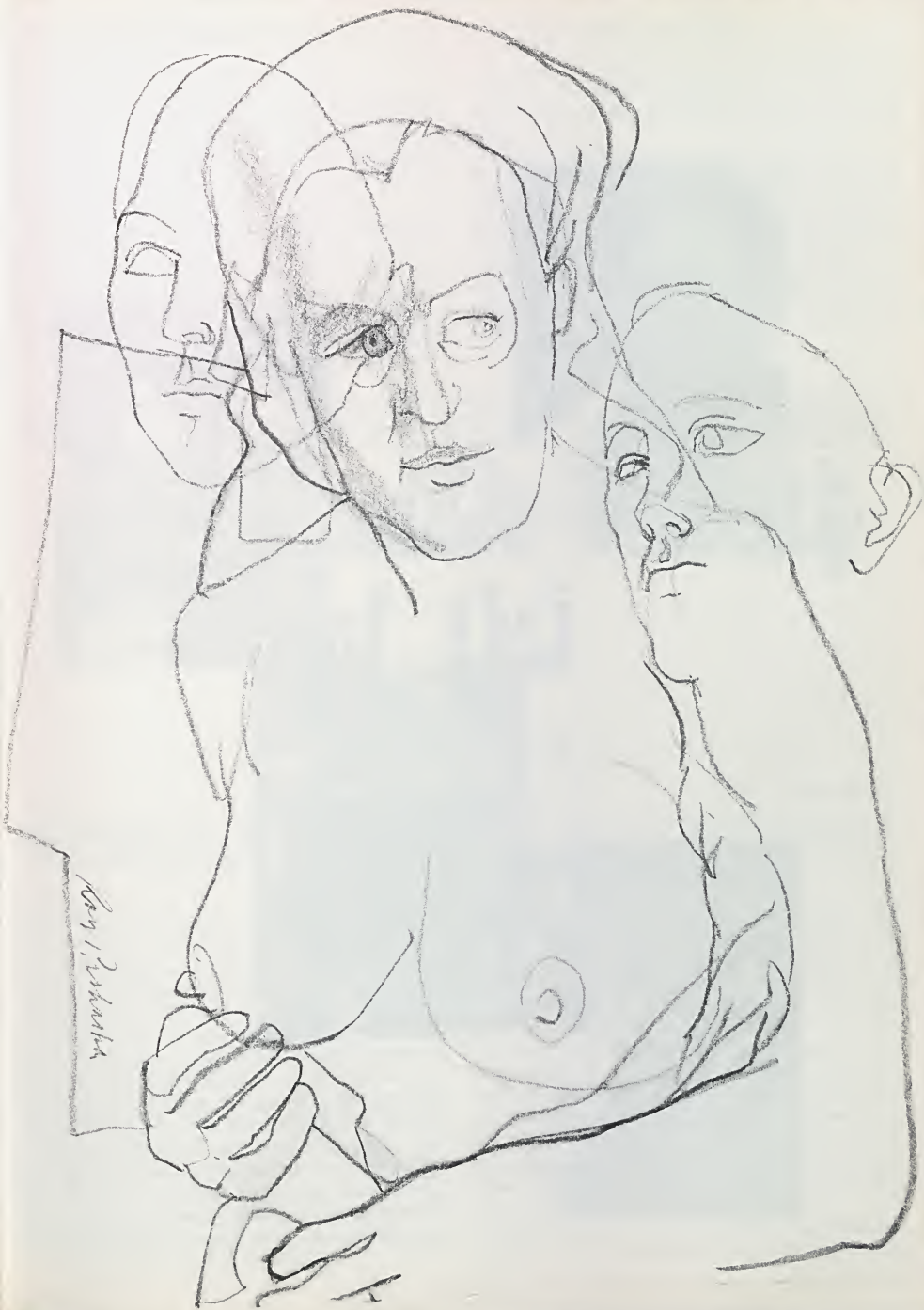
Of some dream the pot displaced.
Her people wake, imagining she brings

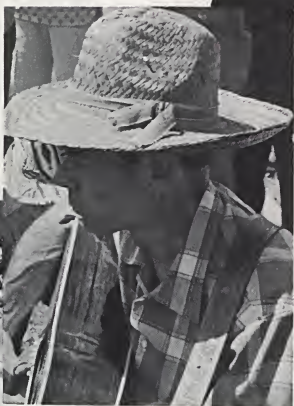
The stream: unaware of the water's
separate consciousness swinging into shape
on her hip.

Behind her the river curls up
to the brim in heavy-lidded sleep.

Saleem Peeradina

by Ray Prohaska





Rici was sitting crosslegged in the tent leaning over his guitar and sounding its metal strings. The music was blues, possibly having a foundation in some vague progression, lyric nonexistent, melody irrelevant. Rici's fingers moved smoothly over invisible pathways on the fingerboard, in and out of practiced runs and riffs, pulling a string here and there into a long, arty moan. Rici was, in his mother's words, "a very sensitive, deep boy, very creative and intense."


The door flap was pulled back and a long-haired girl ducked into the dark green insides of the tent. Never removing his gaze from his bare feet, Rici went on digging at his six-string with a flat-pick, apparently oblivious to the chick, whose name was Cathy. When Cathy was inside, she eased herself into a cross-legged position identical to Rici's, tucked her straight hair

"I need a smoke," he said flatly.

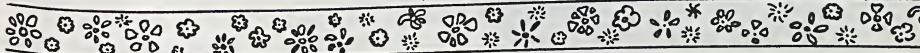
Cathy hurriedly dug into a worn cloth bag that she had dragged in with her and secured two cigarettes and some matches. She lighted both cigarettes in her mouth and, exhaling smoke with a toss of her hair, gave one to Rici.

Rici contemplated the smoke as he exhaled. It wobbled and rose feebly to cling to the perspiring canvas. He was dark and his black hair was pulled back from both sides of his face into long straight lines over his shoulders. A thin, wrinkled mustache shadowed his face into older features than he rightfully should have owned. Eventually, he picked up his guitar and began again to play to his devoted audience of one.

* * *



the incredible intensity of Rici (RICKX)



by Neil Caudle

back behind her shoulders, and watched in a stiffly reverent silence. Cathy had smooth, regular features that were indisguisably sixteen-years-old, betraying no trace of distinguishing firm or weak spots or any other clue to specific character. Gradually she began to contort these features, closing her eyes, rocking gently on her round little ass and moving her lips to effect her entry into Rici's sacred realm. This went on for at least five minutes in the tent, polluted with dewy sleeping bags and damp tangles of clothes.

After a while, Rici put down his guitar and transferred his stare to the assuredly humbled tent pole. His head was tilted back, and his eyes were nearly closed in a fashion to suggest that marvelous things were going on behind them. (As Cathy would say, "Rici is so intense, it's . . . unreal.")

There were between forty and fifty thousand kids from all over assembled at the Annual Old Time Fiddlers Convention. There were also possibly a thousand old time fiddlers and thirty cops. It is doubtful that the cops ever really went inside the gates or near to the campsites, (the head cop told the press that there was "relatively little drug use at the convention") so they played a very minor role in the festivities on that Spring weekend on the farm. Next, after the cops, in ascending order of importance were the old time fiddlers, easily distinguishable from the cops and the kids. They drank Bud and didn't smoke dope, and absolutely refused to sit on the bare ground (except when drunk).

More important to the scene than the old timers, however, was the Volkswagen bus. There was not an

acre on the large farm that did not have at least twenty of these handy devices perched upon it. They were the necessary unit of freaky existence – the symbol of nonconformity, a flaunting of materialistic values, the freedom of a home on wheels. Some buses were bedecked with stars, some flowered, some striped, and most all of them curtained. The freaks were camping in and around them, tying flags to the antennas, balling in the backs.

But by far the most necessary element to the festival was the freak population. There were local freaks, out of state freaks, Jesus freaks, black magic freaks, dealers, and craftsmen-type freaks. There were high school kids up for the weekend to tap into the drug supply and whatever else was going on. There was more blue denim around than there was canvas in the huge circus tent they shipped up from Florida a to perform in. There was dope everywhere. And, as is common to all such gatherings of this sort, there were long lines of patient people, hands stuffed in their jean pockets, waiting behind the precious porta-johns.

Rici was waiting in one of these lines, smoking another cigarette and shuffling his feet impatiently. He was trying to analyze the mood that he was in. Today, he decided, he was in a more optimistic state of mind than usual. The large and diverse crowd offered him more possibilities than did the people of his hometown. Those people that he saw every day, that he went to school with, they irked him immensely. They existed in their own coarse, narrow little worlds, never bothering to take the trouble to understand him. His dad would say, "Rici, quit feeling sorry for yourself and act like a man." Poor dumb, stupid dad. Only his mother partly comprehended the marvels that lay unmeasured in her son. Was it the fate of all artists to carry the burden of being misunderstood, unappreciated? People were so dense, so insensitive. His senior English teacher hated his poetry, but then, teachers were generally a thick lot. Cathy loved it, although she didn't really understand it. But she had cried when she read the last lines of his latest poem:

*Cobwebs of time hang in the misty light,
The passion-poised pendulum of the sun goes swinging
its lonely path to eternity.*

Rici said the lines to himself over and over while he was in line behind the porta-john, they made his face feel warm.

In the afternoon Rici and Cathy and three other people in their group were sitting around talking and listening to the music that drifted over from a nearby camp. A lanky boy of about seventeen who was unknown to the group walked up. "What's happening

over here? You haven't felt the heat around here anywhere, have you?"

When it seemed as if no one else was going to, Cathy answered the stranger saying, "Why? Have you got any dope?"

The stranger sat down, before he answered. "Nope, dammit, just ran out – smoked it all on the way down."

Rici pulled a piece of grass and bit it.

Cathy grudgingly asked the stranger where he was from.

"California. Man, talking about dope, there is nothing but dope on the coast. All my friends smoke. The whole school I go to smokes, even the cops smoke."

"What part of California are you from," asked Cathy.

"Frisco."

"Did you come here by yourself?"

"Yeah," said California. Then he paused and pulled on his big toe, "Except I brought my old man along."

Rici snickered audibly at this and Cathy looked bored. A white VW bus pulled up near the camp, looking for a place to park. It hesitated with its engine running and the driver and his friend looked blankly at Rici and the rest as if waiting for an invitation. Finally they backed into a rare vacant spot nearby and cut the engine. After a minute the two boys got out, stretched their legs, and surveyed their surroundings. Eventually they reached into the bus and pulled out two large stereo speakers. Mounting these on the roof, they injected a tape into a player inside and began blasting Grand Funk inanity in a broad wash over the surrounding camps.

There were undoubtedly curses from banjo pickers and fiddlers nearby, but they were buried under the weight of the noise.

California began to nod his head with affected passion in time with the music and said, "I'm glad somebody brought some real *Musie*, I'm so sick of country music I could shit."

No one responded to this.

The two guys with the tape player continued to survey the scenery around them, confident that their contribution to the atmosphere would inevitably arouse the appreciation of at least a few chicks. They stood idle for some time and then one of them reached into the bus and produced a bright orange frisbe. As elaborately as possible (while still retaining the casual dignity of their *Sporte*), they sailed the molded plastic back and forth in endless monotony, making a great show of hair shaking and mouth moving to the afore-mentioned racket.

All this was highly enticing to California, who was torn between his fireside friends and the lure of the

freaks with the frisbe. Finally, California stood up slowly and said, "I wonder if they've got any dope." Thus excusing and dismissing himself, he ambled up in the direction of the bus.

No one at the campsite seemed to care, but Rici quoted as if to himself, "But the kettle's on to boil, and we're so easy called away."

Cathy looked slightly puzzled, and then nodded placidly, as if she understood.

Then Rici smoothly and silently turned and wandered out of the camp. He did this making sure that everyone realized he had left, but leaving no hint as to why. For all they knew he was meeting some bewitchingly beautiful woman in her camp (it would serve them right if he was) or contemplating a new poem, or plotting a revolution in the back of some bus. Rici knew that his friends were correctly impressed by his mysterious departures, but somehow it gave him a little less pleasure than he'd thought it would.

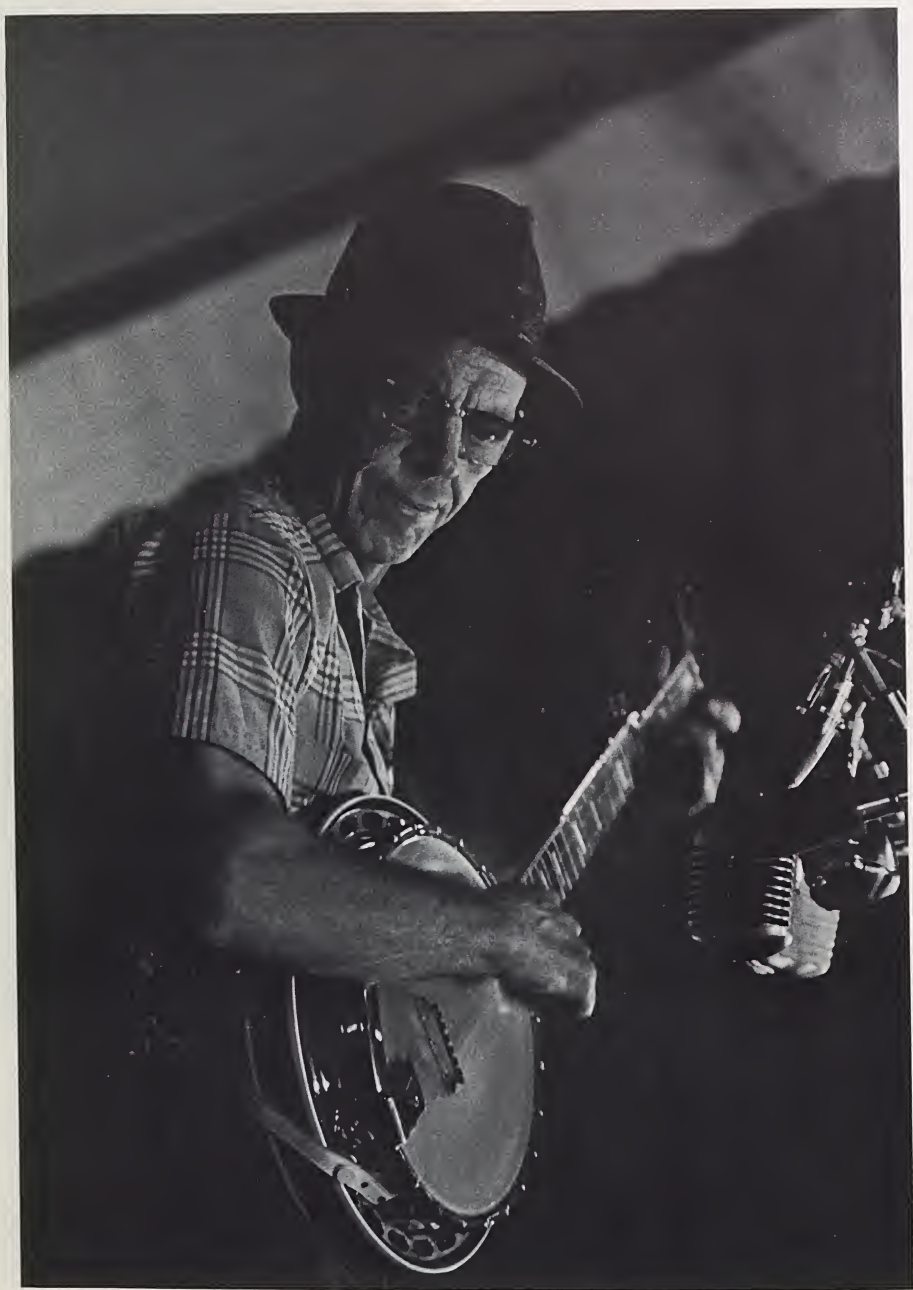
Now that he'd made his grand exit, Rici allowed himself to be lost in the crowd. Surprisingly enough, Rici liked large crowds. Large crowds promised they had something to offer him. Somewhere in the mixing groups of legs and hands and faces and hair were moving competent people, perhaps a friend. And then he did what he often did, he daydreamed.

He daydreamed about girls, or rather a girl, (for he had narrowed it down to one). Perhaps he would see her wandering in this crowd, behind this bus, or in the mob in the show tent. She was real only in his imagination, nameless and ageless in his mind. It was easier for him that way, she could be what he wanted her to be. She could be a fragile ghostlike girl to rest on his cheek as delicately as flowers. She could be a concert pianist, or a singer, or even a poet, that could truly understand him, empathize with him, endure with him. She could be there when he needed her, or, gone when it was not convenient to have her. Still, it was hard. Sometimes he found himself clutching at air, trying to shape some real, warm, breathing human out of a spirit. He had seen the girl once, or thought he had. She was dancing at a dark coffee house and he was sitting at a table, watching her. She had worn a long strawberry dress, soft as her curves, and lapping in and out at her delicate ankles. Her body had moved in waves, her hair rushing in light brown swirls around her pale face. Rici had watched her all the time she was there. Since then he had looked for her, she had given form to his daydreams and fever to their images. Regular girls, girls that he knew, he had no patience with. They were clumsy, always incapable of devotion, incapable of romance. Sometimes he chased them, made love to them, more often recently than before; but, they never cleansed him of his dreams.

He had had a recurring nightmare once, when he was a child. It had come maybe a dozen times, always the same, each time more frightening. He stood at the bottom of a long flight of broad white stairs that rose endlessly into the air. It seemed to him in the dream that it was emphatically necessary to climb those stairs, although it frightened him desperately. Slowly he would climb, alone on the empty staircase. He would have given anything not to climb any more, but in a dream, one no longer initiates action, but is acted upon. Gradually, a muffled sound would come to fill his ears. He was each time cold with the sound that soon gained clarity and power with every step up he took. As he went the sound began to organize itself into hideous laughter, monsters and contorted figures from his childhood books and pictures began to materialize, flanking the stairs, real as life. They laughed and screamed with lustful delight. Fear held him so tight that he imagined he could not breathe. Just as the sound became too loud to bear, he would come to the end of the stairs. At the top, a dazzling girl sat in a thronelike chair. Her attendants were solemn and faceless. Then he was standing in front of her, only two feet from her breast. The wailing rose for a last inaudible rush and then stopped at once. The princess would smile a quiet, wicked, beautiful smile and push a shivering knife into his abdomen. Then the dream was over. It had each time left Rici awake, stiff with sweat, terrified to go back to sleep.



Rici walked through the people and campsites for a long time, stopping once where a crowd had gathered to listen to an impromptu fiddling concert from the top of the hood of a banged up Ford. The farm was like an exotic army encampment. There were endless acres of clustered tents, each with its own smoking campfire. Old sunshine glinted off the bruised metal of countless buses and cars and dusty people strolled here and there in pairs, in platoons, and less often, alone.



Just after sunset Rici and his friends were sitting on the ground around their campfire, watching it burn slowly into coals. Rici was playing mournfully on a harmonica, one hand fluttering slowly over its openings. The harp was wailing and moaning, louder, then softer. Rici's dad always said, "Rici, don't you know any *songs* on that thing?" Dad knew nothing about music. It was getting dark fast and the air was thickening with dew and campfire smoke. California was lighting a joint. He sucked in the smoke with a shrill rush of air and held it tightly in his lungs. Finally, the air exploded from his chest and he squinted and announced in a hoarse voice, "Good shit, man. Good *Shit!*"

"Have you got any more?" Cathy asked him.

"No. Those dudes are mighty stingy with their dope."

Cathy and the others watched the slowly collapsing fire while California smoked and Rici played his harp.

After a while an old man with a banjo on his back appeared at the fire and stood watching Rici play. He was small and slightly bent but his face was open and friendly as a patchwork quilt. His hair was unevenly patched with grey and white. He wore a soft plaid shirt and a pair of thin corduroy trousers that were twice as big in the seat as he was.

Rici put down his harp and looked up at the smiling old man, waiting for an explanation for his presence. The banjo picker said in a thin but warm voice, "I used to have a brother 'at played the harmonica like you do, hope you don't mind me a 'listenin'."

Rici indicated charitably that he didn't mind.

The old man continued, "Don't think Tom ever knowed a song on his'n, just sorta made it whine like you do. Don't particularly like it that way, but it sure does call ol' Tom to mind."

Rici nodded impatiently and asked him, "Do you play that banjo?"

"Sure!" said the old man, his face lighting up. "You folks want to hear some banjer pickin', you come to the right man." He pulled a piece of spare firewood up and sat down on it, swinging the banjo over his shoulder and into his lap. Then he looked up smiling and said "By the way, my name's Jonas. Now what does your ears need to make 'em feel happy? — Oh, no, don't tell me — 'Foggy Mountain Breakdown'. Every young sprite in this place wants to hear 'Foggy Mountain Breakdown', I think it's ninety-nine percent of you folks' acquaintance with hillbilly music. Oh well, I'll play what you like." So saying, he lit off enthusiastically into the song, tapping his old shoes on the ground and making his homemade banjo work to its crumbling capacity. When he finished, he looked up beaming for approval.



Cathy said that it was very nice. Rici did not look up, but he nodded reflectively and rubbed his harp on his shirt.

The old man seemed satisfied. Presently he began to explore the faces of the people around the fire. Cathy was sitting nearest to him and facing Rici across the fire. Jonas thought Cathy looked young and Rici looked old. The others besides California had slid down into their sleeping bags and were looking at the sky. California was sitting crosslegged, his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands. He was wearing a grey T-shirt labeled "Vice Squad". A stray lock of straw hair swung in front of his face. Looking slightly cross-eyed, California watched the dangling hair. Now and then he would puff his cheeks and blow it away, only to have it swing back again. He was thus amusing himself when Jonas turned his gaze toward him. California fascinated Jonas most. The old man pondered him silently for some time. Unaware that he had been under observation, California began to speak, mostly towards Rici and Cathy. "Shit, man. Oh shit, man. I wish I was back in 'Frisco. You've never seen anything like the dope out there. We're *floating* half the time! Shit! More than that. Sometimes we'd just go for a whole weekend man, like flying for *three whole days!* Nickles, dimes, lids, just cheap as shit, mesc, acid, everything just running free as water."

When California had begun to speak, Jonas had watched him curiously, observing him as he would a strange new weed he had found blooming in his garden. Then the old man began to smile mischievously as California talked on. Finally he broke into a silly giggle, his eyes twinkling, "Boy, I can't make out a thing you're a-sayin'."

California ignored Jonas and continued to direct his speaking towards Rici and Cathy. "We have parties too, and they'll be busted sometimes, but I've never got busted, because I leave in time and I never have them at my place to get busted for." He took time to breath. "The cops, man, they're a real hassle. It's weird as shit, man. Now there are some dudes who dope for insight and revelation and shit, but I do it just to get *up!* It's a weird scene. It's not near as much hassle as here."

Jonas made a gurgling laugh and rubbed his whickered face, "You don't talk no more sense than a chicken! Where you from anyway?"

For the first time California seemed to notice the old banjo picker and said with dignified coolness, "West Coast, man, *Cal-i-forn-i-a.*" Then he seemed to forget about Jonas again and picked up where he left off. He talked on about dope while Rici and Cathy stared blankly into the fire and Jonas listened and watched with alternating curiosity and amusement.

"You in school or anything?" asked Jonas finally. California looked a little impatient but said, "Biggest high school in the state."

"You don't say!" said Jonas.

California continued: "Shit, talking about a school! My hair is short as you ever see there, all the kids smoke. Shit, we never do anything but fuck off, we had a fight in Minorities 150 and so I got a study period there because they had to close it down 'til they got another teacher and my Rock Music Seminar is just easy as crap. I skip half the time and the teacher doesn't give a *damn!* It's like total *free,*" He said this savoring the ideal idealness of it all, then said more philosophically, "Man, I gotta' be free to organize my mind and get all this shit *together.*"

California was evidently unaware of the fact that Cathy and Rici were only half listening to him, and less than half interested, and that the others were asleep and that he was more or less just entertaining Jonas. He talked on.

"Shit. All we do is raise hell. They're always blowing' up the toilets."

"What for?" asked Jonas incredulously.

California looked blankly at the old man and chose not to answer. "They all bring these homemade bombs and just flush 'em down and *Kabloooooom!* Shit. There's always water that deep (he indicated about four inches with his hands) in the bathrooms they'll stuff paper towels down the pipes and jam 'em up and the janitor doesn't get around to 'em for . . ."

"Ain't too fond of goin' to the pot, are ye'?" asked Jonas, about to bust with laughter.

"What?" California asked, startled.

Jonas just sat still and twinkled at California with his eyes, thoroughly fascinated. California pondered the old man curiously for a moment, and then seemed to forget him. "Last week before Spring break we took all the toilet paper out of the bathrooms and wrapped it around the flagpole, and threw it all over these stupid pine trees they put out . . ." California suddenly jumped a little and slapped a mosquito off his back where his vice squad T-shirt was climbing up out of his pants. "Damn fuckin' Southern-bugs!" He paused, thinking where he'd left off. "Nobody cares about that old school, they're gonna' have to build a new one next year anyway. Like, the walls are made of plaster and they're just thin as paper, and like, you'll be sitting in class and somebody's foot comes through the wall. Just like that. They stick their foot through the wall!" California was obviously amazed. "And then we're always going to the bathrooms and sitting on the johns and smoking and getting . . ."

"You folks are a might took up with bathrooms, ain't ye'?" interrupted Jonas gleefully. (He was having a wonderful time).

"Prolonged anal gratification stage," commented Rici hollowly. (It was his first and last comment during the course of California's monologue.)

California ignored both of these comments and continued untruffled.

Someone began picking a banjo in a nearby camp. Soon a fiddle picked up on the thin breakdown tune and the two charged on together anonymously.

This seemed to remind California of something and he momentarily changed the subject.

"And, oh yeah, concerts. We have concerts all the time, at least two or three a week. This year, let's see, we've had *The Who*, *The Airplane*, *Grand Funk* . . . Ah, shit, we've had just about everybody. One time, I was up helping on stage and it was before, *Steppenwolf* was going to play, and I was, like, setting up electrical stuff, mikes and shit, and I hear this dude come up and ask me 'Where do you want the amps' and I didn't look up because I was busy and I said 'Just bring 'em half way up and I'll fix 'em' and then, (he paused, in awe, like he didn't believe it himself) 'I looked up and it was *John Kay*!'"

"Well, ain't that perpendicular!" chortled Jonas. "Durn near horizontal!"

"This dude I was ordering around," continued California with a glance at Jonas, "was *John Kay*! Well, shit! I just stood there and went adaddadddd and shook." California took time to enjoy the glory of it all and then went on: "Then we had Zappa last month; did an outdoor concert. There were thousands and thousands of kids there. We were all just high as kites. Zappa gets up on stage, and the first thing he does is pick his nose into the microphone. Well, all the kids just freaked . . ."

"Picked his nose on stage?"

"Well, all the kids were stoned and they . . . Anyway," California said, trying to regain command, "Zappa fucked around for a while; then he played a set with the band. When he got through, he just stood out in front of everybody and dropped his pants and laid a big, juicy crap right on stage! And then . . ."

"No wonder, all the toilets been blown up!" Jonas said, near derision. "Poor feller, didn't have no place to go to the pot!"

California went on with some effort. "And then they stomped a live chicken to death, *Right on stage*, a live chicken to death! So what does Zappa do but use the chicken feathers to wipe himself with!"

"Ain't no wonder, all the toilet paper was wrapped around the flagpole. I tell you, if I ever find myself so unfortunate as to have to go to California, I'm takin' me a good supply of toilet paper and I'm going to find me some nice private woods where its safe to go to the pot!" Jonas said this and then crumbled up in

laughter. His sides shook, his face turned red, and he nearly busted his knee pounding it with his palm.

California was truly amazed. He just watched and watched. Every time Jonas would look up and see California's blank face staring at his, his laughter broke out in a whole new rash, until he was breathless. California was bewildered. He tried to ignore the old man, but his confidence was shaken, so he was quiet.

Presently, Rici looked across the fire in Cathy's direction until he caught her eye. With his head and eyes, he made a small motion towards the tent, got up, and went inside. The gesture had been meant as an invitation to make love. But the motion had been so reserved, so cool, and so slight that she had missed it altogether, taking this as just another of Rici's strange exits. Inside the tent, Rici waited a moment for Cathy, then realized she was not coming. Stupid broad. Cathy was so . . . so incompetent. Then his resentment grew as he realized he had been put upon to listen to the mindless babble of an addle-brained pothead and a worn out old man all evening.

Rici picked up his guitar and went back out to the fire. Wordlessly he began to change strings. He turned the tuning pegs quickly to loosen the old strings and deftly freed them from their coils around the metal posts. It was amazing the way one could express talent, even in a small task like changing strings. When all the old strings were off the guitar, Rici unwrapped the first new one and pegged it into the bridge. He then wrapped it securely around its rightful post and tightened the tuning peg until the tension rose to about the right level. He imitated this procedure two more times and then began on the "G" string. This time, when he tightened the string, the peg popped out of the bridge and caroomed off the guitar onto the ground. Jonas snickered at this. With a bitter scowl, Rici picked up the peg and started one more time. Again the tension mounted, the pitch of the string rose, and pop!, the peg flew out. With this Rici's countenance exploded into a dark rage. He viciously seized the guitar and with one violent motion slung it ten feet through the air and into the tent. Then he rose and wheeled around with the intent of storming off into the darkness. But as he turned his foot struck a tent peg and he tripped, sprawling uncontrollably onto the ground with a broad thud. There were two dead seconds and then Jonas said, "Guitar string sorta' trip that boy up, don't they?" Once again he dissolved in laughter. Rici got up without looking back and hurried off into the night.

Cathy was shaken by this event. She was unaccustomed to seeing Rici embarrassed and she didn't know how to react. She wanted to go to him and try to comfort him but he would never allow it.





"What are you laughing for?"

Jonas, seeing the fire in her, sobered and said, "Best way to treat a temper tantrum. Let the child know his pleasure ain't near so important as he thinks it is."

"It's no temper tantrum and he's *not* a child. He was mad because he *feels* more than most people, he's sensitive, he's an artist, and it's wrong for you to laugh at him just out of your own stupid ignorance!"

"Young lady," Jonas said quietly, "you're gonna have to prove that he feels more than me 'for I'll agree to what you say. If he's been through the livin' that I've been through . . . , if he's set up on the porch and played an' sung to good people, as good 'a people as there is anywhere, and made them so happy that they've cried, if he's felt that kind of heaven, or, if he's married and lived with a lady for forty-seven years, and loved her right up to the minute she died, or if he's raised a garden every year and seen how God does things for a man, then he might can feel as much as me. No sir, I don't make no apologies, 'though I don't wish none of ye' no harm."

Cathy almost said something, but she didn't. She turned her eyes from the banjo player to the fire and thought on what he said.

Jonas spoke again, more gently. "You know that ol' brother Tom o' mine, he was a lot like that there boy. He used to have some carving he carried around with him all the time. It started out to be a doll for his little daughter, made outa' oak wood. He whittled on it a while 'til it was a right pretty little doll, an' I thought he was through. But Tom never quit cuttin' on that piece, carried it in his pocket ever 'where he went, pretty soon there weren't hardly nothin' left to mess with." He stopped, reflected a moment, and began again. "Tom played the harmonica just like that friend of yours. I never could see it though, don't believe you do folks much good by dwelling on their sorrows. He got to thinkin' about hisself, too, which ain't bad if there's somethin' there to think on. But then he began to not only think of hisself, but he thought on the way he thought of hisself. And then the way he thought of the way he thought of hisself. Heck, poor ol' Tom was thinkin' in circles." He paused again, as if sorting out a moral for his story. Then he decided not to moralize, but said instead, "Pretty soon, I guess you just run outa' wood to carve on."

Rici found himself in the show tent standing in the crowd which was off to the left of the stage. It was Saturday night, fourth and final night, when all the final judging and most of the drinking went on. The crowd had matured over the four days into a loud, bawdy mob. Somehow the show lights seemed gaudier, the performers louder, the drunks drunker. A

tripping freak wrapped in a blanket was falling against people in the crowd. Someone tried to help him but he held the blanket over him in a death grip. Often he fell to the ground, pulled at by strange hands, called to and laughed at by strange voices. Rici watched him blankly, hoping he wouldn't have the man fall against him. After the crowd had numbed him and soothed his wounded feelings and it was very late, Rici crept back to the tent and went to sleep.

Ricky lay in state, staring at a very high, white vaulted ceiling. He was stiff and motionless on his massive bier. He tried to move, but the impulse never reached his limbs. He could not even feel himself breathing. He felt stuffed and thick, like a trophy from the taxidermist. Worse, his eyes were fixed in an unblinking stare. He could not move them, nor see anything but the ceiling. Suddenly he was aware that figures were moving past on either side of him. He wished that he could turn and see what or who they were, but he could only get a foggy outline of them through the corners of his eyes. A confusion of noises rose from the lines and then Ricky began to make out human voices, though he could not tell whose they were, or which figures were speaking.

"I knew him once," said a young man's voice, "we went fishing together when we were both very young. I will always remember what he told me once . . ." But the voice did not finish. Ricky strained to complete the sentence in his mind, but he could not.

"Yes, I knew him too," an old woman weakly spoke. "He brought me . . ." but neither did she finish. Struggling to remember what the lady might have said he had brought her, Ricky began to feel desperate when nothing would present itself.

Still another voice: "I grew up with him. Once I gave him my very most personal thoughts, in letters, and in return, he . . ."

And another, "I used to teach him, and I saw him contribute the most . . ."

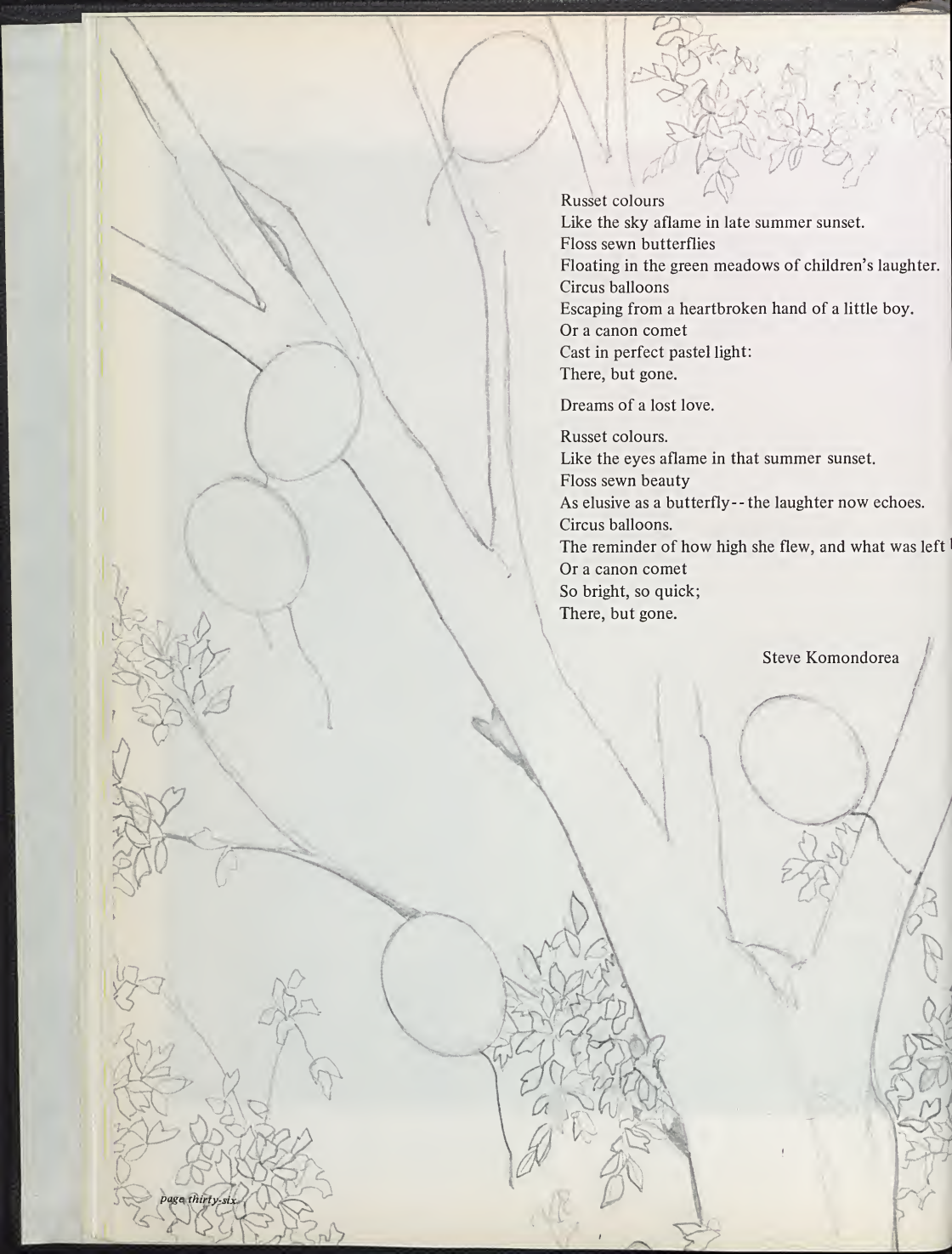
And another, "It will always be a part of me, the way he . . ."

The voices, the incomplete thoughts, tormented Ricky. He could not complete the sentences, supply the words, the deeds. The voices mocked him worse than any laughter.

The succession of incomplete thoughts seemed endless. Some of the voices seemed familiar, some did not. Finally, a pretty girl leaned over in front of Ricky's face. She was tired and lonely looking, but she was pretty. She spoke in a very steady voice. "Ricky, what have you got in your hand? Oh, I see. Oh Ricky, you've come all this way to bring me these crumbling shadows of flowers. All this way . . ." Then she smiled a quiet, wicked, beautiful smile and said, "and I hate them so."







Russet colours

Like the sky aflame in late summer sunset.

Floss sewn butterflies

Floating in the green meadows of children's laughter.

Circus balloons

Escaping from a heartbroken hand of a little boy.

Or a canon comet

Cast in perfect pastel light:

There, but gone.

Dreams of a lost love.

Russet colours.

Like the eyes aflame in that summer sunset.

Floss sewn beauty

As elusive as a butterfly-- the laughter now echoes.

Circus balloons.

The reminder of how high she flew, and what was left

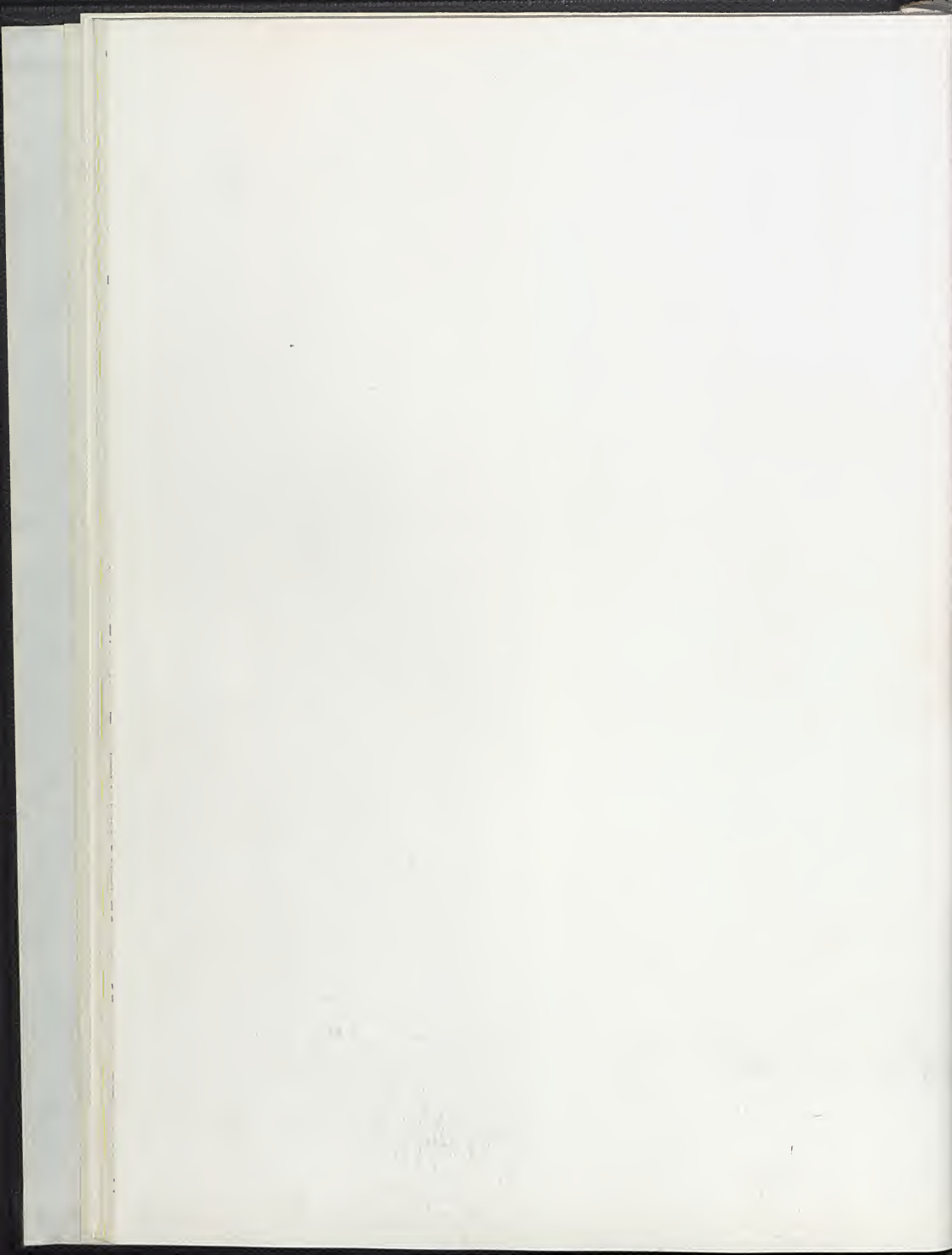
Or a canon comet

So bright, so quick;

There, but gone.

Steve Komondorea





SELECTED POEMS
AND LETTERS
JOHN KEATS

THE
STUDENT

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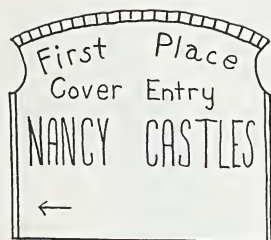
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WINTER
1971

Student Magazine
Literary
Contest
Edition



"WINTER IS ICUMMEN IN
LHUDE SING GODDAMN..."
Ezra Pound, "The Cuckoo Song"

Tired in the times of change, heavy with vague discontents, dear old alma mater will soon sing herself free and slough the still-unripened burden of the now and then generation out of her schoolish womb, out into the blank, white eye of winter and beyond: to charlottehickorycherokee, to Eden, to Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and Babylon...

To different times in different cities
Where we'll hang up our minds
And tune up our souls
To pipe the Prince of Peace
Home from the wars.
While chestnuts roast and yule logs burn;
While goodwill is strummed to us
At 33 plastic revolutions a minute;
While the silent, hungry majority continues in its way,
Celebrating hope in the future perfect tense;
When memory forgets and recreates new myths
(remember in the early days of fall when,
the best old days of all when...);
When this is a place from which to be not at—
While all those worlds and more run on,
A shroud of absence settles overall
The deserted, dusky stacks of brick and cinderblock.

And while its linoleum guts are spruced and waxed, an enduring, Georgian pile of material fact huddles up its energies against the returning furies, and waits in empty, quiet, frozen time for the end of an exodus and the return of its people, and its soul. Then on the ninth day of Christmas, just before eight, a bell in a tower on a library proclaims another genesis, tolls the knell of parting night, tells the beginning of another newer brighter finer day. And in the brown, desert waste of winter, trailing ivory clouds of ivy-towered glory, Wake Forest will be reborn with the resolves of a new year, with the new curriculums, perhaps, through which to sleep, and newer promises to take and make and keep.

Pete Bonnette



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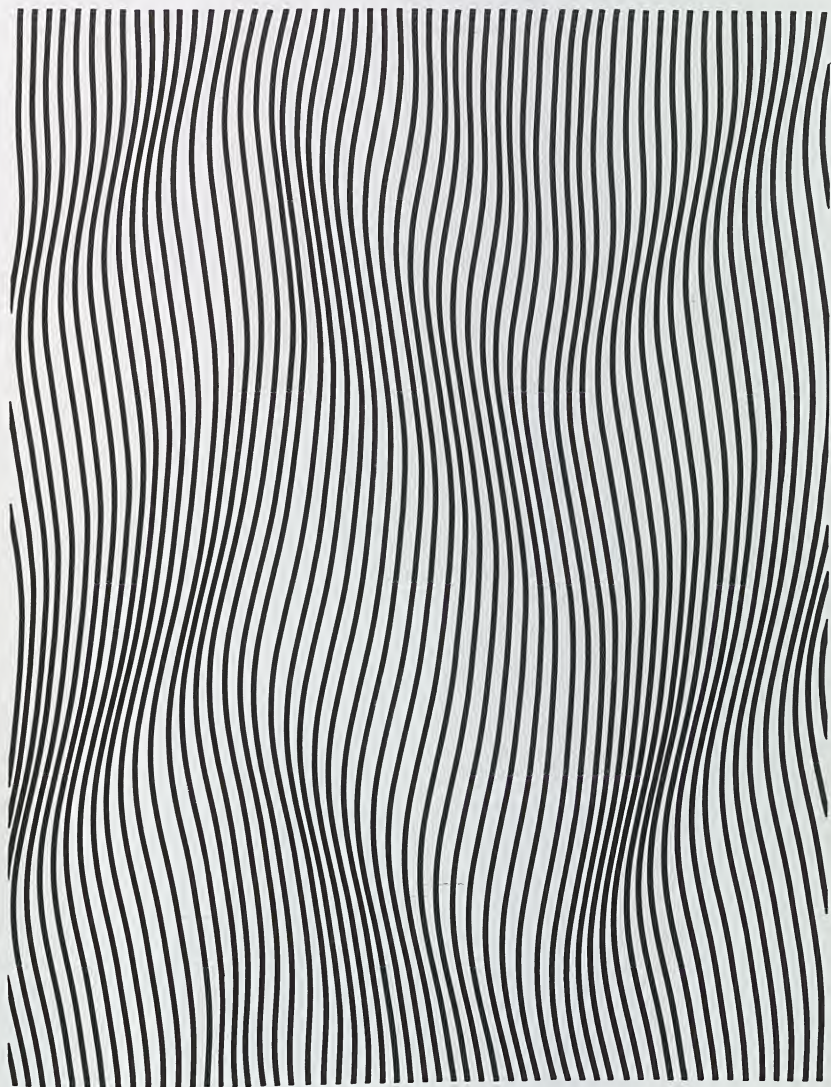
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[Art design for the Pakistani Refugee Relief Committee
page by Mackie Jeffries, N.C. School of the Arts]

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Where Do The Children Play ?



Blessings and Peace
Pakistani Refugee Relief Committee



THE SOLDIER

The soldier is very stiff,
He's the only thing I have,
He's stiff and still
And when I touch him, he moves.

To me, it's more than a move—
It's a sign.
A sign of a person coming to life.
And when I touch him again he talks.

To me, it's more than a word—
It's a sign.
A sign of his first lesson.
And then I touch him again and he walks.

To me, it's more than walking—
It's a sign.
A sign of his first step into the future
And then I touch him again and he stops.

by David Agurs
Age 10
Selwyn Elementary School
Charlotte, N.C.



"ART IS A MATTER OF LIFE,"

Quoth Sandi Ellis, and Who Should Agree But the Other Members of a Recent Quodlibet* Including Edwin Wilson, Sterling Boyd, Ray Prohaska, Charles Smith, Chuck Rose, John Browning, and Vaud Travis in this Heretofore Unpublished Account as Recalled for

James R. Benefactor

Cigarettes lit, minds open, alert, and ready, coffee at hand, and Wollensak running—Vaud Travis as usual begins:

"I think the place to start, not necessarily in condemnation, is the lack of real emphasis on the arts that's existed, the fact that we're finally getting an arts center *now*. It's late. It's much too late. Let's start talking about the need for a fine arts center and work our way on to why a fine arts center, and why not space over in Tribble or Wingate? Why not something other than a fine arts center? Why are we making all this racket? Ultimately, what do we hope to achieve from a fine arts center?"

That is a long and congenial enough question, but Charles Smith just jumps right in, saying:

"I'm a little bit troubled when I hear people say there is a lack of emphasis on the arts. Now this is my third year at Wake Forest, and I think there's an emphasis on the arts here. There maybe hasn't been emphasis on an arts *center* as such, but we certainly have active arts. I don't think we have to take a back seat to what other campuses have. I'm just wondering if perhaps it isn't a mistake to begin by saying there is a lack of emphasis on the arts—I don't think there is. I have a different concept, I suppose, of a liberal arts college. At the meeting of the Board of Visitors, somebody said something about this being a liberal

*Quodlibet: a round table rap

arts college, yet the arts are floundering here. Well, a liberal arts education, unless I'm mistaken, does not mean in the *fine* arts, in that sense. Liberal arts has an entirely different connotation. But I think it's dangerous to say there is a lack of emphasis in the arts."

Having made that point perfectly clear, Mr. Smith yields the floor to John Browning who has a question for Ray Prohaska:

"Mr. Prohaska, in speaking on emphasis on the arts, do you feel you have problems in being able to promote the work of the art department specifically?"

"Well, I think that's our weakest point, promoting. Now the University goes way out and spends a lot of money to import me, to do an awful lot of renovating and buy a lot of equipment and all, and then the kids get turned on and turn out a tremendous exhibition the first year and we get one little stick of type. Three inches by one column. And when I complain about it, I'm practically insulted, 'cause they don't feel as though we deserve it or something, I don't know what it is. But this to me... I can't believe this. I'd like people to know about it. I like to get enough publicity for one reason: to get the people in to see the work. To reach the public, because I think that the last three shows we've had have been SMASHING shows, and we have not had the turn-out we deserved. Publicity has been very bad, practically none."

"I think it was last year, they had somebody sent around five days after the show started. What good is that? I think that the photographer and a writer should be sent into the lab maybe a month or two before the show breaks and take pictures of what the kids are doing, the progress of the work and that kind of thing. I think that the *Student Magazine* could cover it better than they have been doing. In other words, I think it's an effort well worth publicizing. Don't you agree with that? Don't you think that's what it should be? Why not publicize?"

That is more than a rhetorical question, but continuing the emerging discussion, Mr. Smith says:

"I think what I was driving at was the difference between emphasis and interest. According to your definition of emphasis, then, it's the news media that is not emphasizing the arts sufficiently. Is that correct?"

Mr. Prohaska replies:

"Well it's a matter of emphasis, a matter of coverage to bring to the public the quality of work that's being done and not so much the emphasis thing; I don't think any of the kids are looking for 'publicity'—I'm not looking for 'publicity'. We just want to publicize the actual work."

SCENE II, In which We Get Down to the Real Issue——Money!

Editor Travis then points out:

"There is no real opposition to the arts, but there is a kind of apathy. There is not a kind of active response to the arts. Folks would rather talk about other things, and that's why there was an emphasis on the medical school drive, and we need one; and the law building, I'm not sure we need it, but that's going on but no talk about the arts. Concerning the concept of fine arts and liberal arts, I don't think there is enough talk about the fine arts producing a liberally educated man. I think that's where we need discussion."





Along with vice-editor Browning:

"It seems like what we are seeking is a balance, but do we have the kind of balance at Wake Forest that we desire? I feel that we do not have that balance in terms of the emphasis the athletic programs get, for example, in comparison to the arts. So the specific need for a fine arts center is *visibility*; it is presently very difficult to see a collective response from students and the community to all of the arts endeavours. It is so difficult to integrate our efforts, because of the separation that they experience just in facilities. Dr. Boyd, what kind of sentiment is there in Winston-Salem towards Wake Forest having the arts center?

To which Sterling replies:

"Well, that *[the community]* is where support will come from, frankly, from impetus people pushing from the outside for the administration to move. That's the only way you will get it. Very frankly I don't think it will come from within. I am very certain the interest is there *[in the community]* now."

Browning asks, "Where is the administration in terms of that fund-raising impetus?"

To which the Provost replies: "Well, I'm not a very logical person to talk about fund raising. But I think the Administration's commitment is genuine, I think it does feel the fine arts center is the facility that Wake Forest needs most. I think that it is receptive and will become increasingly receptive to any help that might come in from the inside or the outside. And I think all that remains now is for some very concrete proposal to be developed, and then for the money to be raised to implement that proposal. There is certainly no opposition at any level I know about to the idea of providing facilities for the fine arts.

Travis: "What do you mean by proposal?"

Wilson again: "There are things obviously that have to be decided. For example, we will have to determine exactly what kind of facilities we want; just how expensive these facilities will be; whether they will involve a completely new center, separated from present facilities; or whether in some way we will make use of present facilities and then add more. In short, what is the size and cost of the project? Will we move into a single structure which will come into being at one time, housing art, music, and theatre? Or will we take these in some kind of sequence as the money comes in?"

At this point, Chuck Rose returns to the inside-outside problem: "As Dr. Boyd mentioned, there is definitely outside interest. There is also interest outside this immediate area. I think it is a really important thing that students realize they are perhaps our most valuable connection with undiscovered outside areas with regards to patrons of the arts. If you are a student and know somebody in your hometown who might be interested in knowing about it, let somebody know about it." *[somebody, hell, like Box 7226 Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem etc.]*

Editor Travis then turns to that lady of sanguinity, Sandi Ellis, and asks: "Sandi, what's going on from that stand point, student and organization kind of work?"

Sandi begins one of her notably long and lofty monologues as such: "Well, the student task right now is one of publicity. We need to familiarize this interested outside—if it's really there—we need to make them aware of the need on campus. For one thing we deserve more space. We have quality in the arts here, a quality that is quite familiar to anyone at all who attends any of the exhibitions or performances. We have an amazing array of faculty in the art department who are dedicated people who have a warm rapport, and whose obvious interest in their job is such that it brings out the very best in students, and enables them to make the best of genuinely lousy facilities. The music department has itself spread across four floors in Wingate. Having four floors doesn't mean you occupy them, it means you have a practice room up on the roof and instrument storage down in the basement, and a place where you make reeds in an old kitchen. And a Sunday School in between, and, yeah, a kindergarten. These facilities in Wingate are shared with the Wake Forest Baptist Church and the religion department. Elbow to elbow you can't expect someone to draw a bow across a violin and produce very good sound—but they do. The theater is as Dr. Tedford puts it 'perched high atop the library; our costumes

shops are on the sixth level along with the speech offices; the arena and proscenium are on the seventh level. Space is constantly used for double, triple, and quadruple purposes. The office space is small, cramped. And the art department is spread over the campus in three different buildings. The artist in residence has his studio in the belfrey, the students have their class meetings in one room in the basement of Tribble Hall, it's not even actually Tribble Hall, it's sort of a hole in the ground more suited to a wine cellar than a classroom. Not to mention Dr. Wilson having to have his English office down there in the bottom of Tribble."

Wilson: "That's my favorite place."

Sandi continues: "The artists on this campus manage to seek out an easel here and there on the sixth level between the costume shop and the speech offices."

Prohaska interrupts: "Don't say anything about those easels because they are first class."

Sandi amends: "Oh, the equipment is first class; it's just a shame there's no place to put it. The point is, considering the facilities we have, to turn out the kind of work we do—who knows, who can imagine *[magnanimous gesture garnishing soaring voice]* what we could do if we had a decent place to work!"

Mr. Smith says: "While she was talking I had to chuckle, because three years ago the Music in room 303 had two turntables and some old 78 records and one or two 33's. Now with the help of an outside foundation, they've purchased maybe a dozen Wollensak cassette recorders and a dozen pair of earphones and three or four turntables, and the secretary of the music office spends all her time transferring tapes and so forth. One would think, you know, man, we're really moving ahead. Now . . . how many are in your humanities course?"

Mr. Boyd replies: "A hundred and twenty students—and three of the earphones are shot."

Making his point, Smith says: "And forty-five in my two theory classes and everybody's supposed to spend an hour a day in the listening lab. There just

aren't enough places. And so, when the fine arts building is built, how long will it be before the facilities are obsolete?"

Chuch Rose reflects: "Like Vaud said at the beginning, we should have a fine arts center instead of just centralizing them somewhere. There's no room. The library is on an all-out expansion program, which I think is great. But the theater is in peril because of it. Another reason we should have a center where they are all together is that there is one place where the students interested in all the arts can go. A very big part of fine arts is the spectator, the listener, the observer. If one could just walk into one building and see the work of the art students as he passes by a recital room to the theatre! That opens up more possibilities for the spectators as well as the artists."

Vaud Travis, Senior



SCENE III, Concerning
Certain Differences in
the Generations as seen
by BUCKY FULLER through
Ray Prohaska—Read On!

Mr. Prohaska begins: "That's a big important point, that everyone is exposed to what's going on, not just the people that are interested in drawing and painting. People could walk by the studios, walk in and see what's going on. That's the important thing. We can't possibly have that here. God, to get to the sixth floor for the library is a chore enough, and then to go two floors up to the theatre! We had a pretty good plan at Washington and Lee. Our art was all in one building and the building was used for history and several other academic branches. The people have got to get through that to see the exhibitions. I was wondering . . . how receptive are the money people around here? Do they think the way most older people think? An awful lot of older people think that art is not an important thing. They think that what is important today is science and law . . ."

Browning: "And stadiums."



Chuck Rose, Senior

Prohaska continues: "Yeah, and stadiums and football. That's what they think is important. Funny I put this in my pocket [*he takes out several ominous sheets of typed paper*] because I thought I might get to [*laughter, nervous enough, abounds*] -No, this is not a speech. It's not a speech. A couple of years ago Bucky Fuller did a piece in the *New Yorker* and I wanted to give you an idea of what it's all about. He's talking about this generation and how it's different from previous generations:



'A lot of them were born while their fathers were away at war, a lot of them were looked after by babysitters while their mothers worked in munitions factories . . . Besides which they are the first humans to be reared by what I call the third parent, television, which helped them from the very beginning to think 'world'. And look what's happened in the world since they were born. First off, the atomic bomb; when they were about four years old, giant computers began commercial operation; when they were eight men climbed Mt. Everest; when they were ten they were immunized against polio; when they were twelve, Sputnik went up and the first civilian reactor went into operation; when they were thirteen, the atomic submarine *Nautilus* crossed the Pacific into the Atlantic under the North pole; when they were fourteen, a Russian rocket photographed the far side of the moon and returned to earth; when they were fifteen, a bathescope took men down to photograph the bottom of the Pacific Ocean's deepest hole; when they were sixteen Russians orbited the earth in a rocket' . . .



and so forth. Now, somehow I think the older generation is not aware of this. This is a **VISUAL WORLD** we are living in. If a boy got out of college and didn't know anything about visual communications, man, he is lost. He doesn't know what the hell it's all about.

R. Buckminster Fuller: average man. For just an ordinary guy, he's hard to fit under a label. He has been referred to as an architect, an engineer, a poet, a philosopher, a cartographer, a design scientist, and an inventor. Prosaic descriptions include "the ambassador from tomorrow," "the man with the chronofile," and "citizen of the 21st century."

And all the tags work. They're just incomplete because as comprehensive man, there is no endeavor which is outside the scope of Fuller's interest and insight. The list should include his being a teacher, the harbinger of world man, and something of a theologian, a distinction which is not generally made.



from an interview in *Rolling Stone*, June 10, 1971

"Now, I'll cite a very practical example of this. A few days ago, a boy called me who is kind of important in this Charette thing here. He made an appointment and showed up at the library. He had his little attache case and looked like a very important young man. He came to ask a favor: To get four or five artists to attend four or five meetings and each artist was to make notes and to come home and make posters, charts, illustrations for the Charette. And all by Monday morning—and this was Friday afternoon! No idea at all, he just thought you breathe on paper and out comes the stuff. He had no idea. I said, 'you should have booked us three months ago., you know. He looked at me and said that I was absolutely nuts, and I said "Yes." I said, 'you won't get anybody, not even the worst hack in town, to do this by Monday. It would take a genius, even, to do a thing like that."

"Well, this is typical, this is typical. . . . They



John Browning, Junior

don't know anything about what is in the visual arts. How many people know how an advertising campaign is designed? What does it take to put it into film form? What does it take to put it into a magazine? How many people today appreciate the physical beauty of an awful lot of products that are designed by first rate artists? They just look at 'em! They don't know. Some of them are sculpture. This is how important a visual education is today." Thus spake Prohaska, followed by this comment from Browning:

"This is the particular frustration that students feel when they think about the alumni, what they see from the alumni and people who have given. They wonder, does the "Wake Forest family", as it is called of a generation, have that kind of artistic priority."

So Sterling Boyd says:

"Well, actually we're lucky that they haven't built a fine arts center. If they had done one in the style that everything else has been done around here, it would be an albatross. [see *Coleridge, Samuel Taylor: Mariner, Rime of the Ancient*]

Loyally, and amidst myriads of understanding laughter, the Provost interjects: "I'd like to put in a

word for the alumni at this time. Most campaigns for giving among alumni are campaigns to get unrestricted grants to the University. We don't go out to the alumni and say 'We want money for this particular purpose.' We say, in effect, we want money. Most of the money that comes in from the alumni actually is used to operate the college. So, in a sense, there have been contributions to *all* the departments of the college, which have enabled them to employ faculty members, to give scholarships to students, and to do all the things that are necessary to keep the college going year to year. I don't know what the mood of the alumni is, but to say that alumni are not arts minded is to say something we don't know. We have not asked them *particularly* for money for the arts."

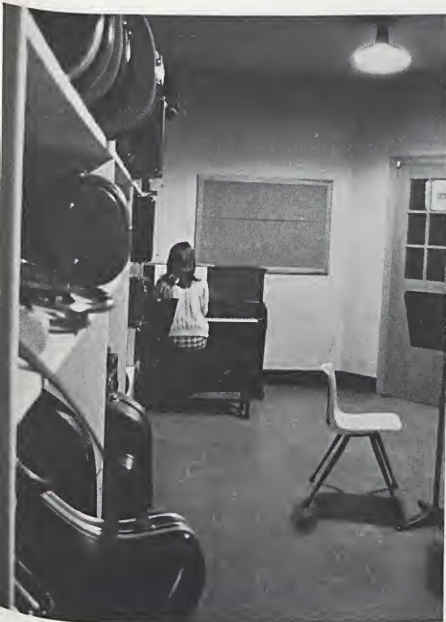
Sterling Boyd then confides, that "There's a large number of them [*alumni-adults*] that are arts minded



Sterling Boyd, Art Department

that have never been asked to give. One told me, whose name I won't mention, [*but readers are urged to submit any guesses to Box 7226 Reynolda Station etc.*] just after the trustees said that the arts center would have first priority that this was marvelous because it would give other people a chance to give. And they never in the past have been asked in a concentrated drive for a specific goal. Now, They're about to be But there's much more support back there than people tend to think."

Returning to the idea of Bucky Fuller's, Chuck Rose says "It is just so true, especially for an institution like Wake Forest. College is a lot of times really just an institution for higher socialization. If we're interested in education, then of all places here we need further development appreciation as well as expression in the visual arts. When Mr. Prohaska was reading that time line, it occurred to me that almost all those events are practically common knowledge for anyone today. I could add to that time line that when the generation was about two years old, a twenty two year old named Marcel Marceau invented a character named Bip, which doesn't sound like



much compared to the others, but when it comes to visual expression, that was really a heavy achievement. Also when they were about four or five years old a theatrical designer named Josef Svoboda started dealing in just fantastic things using that technology with films and sets. The possibilities of what he opened up haven't even been touched, yet who knows who Svoboda is? Some people know who Marceau is because he's on television with Red Skelton . . ."

. . . Browning adds, "He was on Dick Cavett once . . ."

. . . Rose remembers, "Yeah, Yeah . . ."

SCENE IV In Which Student Expression is Measured in Ways Other than Just a Term Paper, and in Which Mr. Prohaska tells a very funny story—Tee-Hee!

Sandi Ellis begins with a most relevant allusion:

"Tom Phillips once said that the fine arts are not so much fine as they are necessary. He's exactly right, but they are necessary in that strange sort of way you can't quite put your hands on, the way you grasp the value of a biology class, the fields of science and technology, in business, in whatever usually has lucrative results that are obviously appreciable. The arts require a different kind of appreciation and involve a different part of a person. It involves his SPIRIT and his SOUL as well as his mind, which is a very important process."

Embellishing this, Chuck Rose says, "What you are saying, Sandi, is the student needs something besides a term paper to express himself with."

Turning to some heretofore unmentioned specifics, Provost Wilson explains:

"Somebody asked the question 'With the School of the Arts in Winston-Salem and Salem College and all the rest, do we need all these things at Wake Forest?' I think this is a particularly important question to ask when we start going out into the community to get money. It seems to me that Wake Forest has a responsibility to emphasize the arts aside from whatever any other institution in the community is trying to do. I know there are people here who go over to the School of the Arts and find much satisfaction there, but I suspect that the ones who go over there are doing this as a kind of extra entertainment, and they are also very much involved in the arts here. I don't think we can make the arts pervade the whole student body at Wake Forest unless they are available and visible right here. I think that we have to keep in mind, too, that going back to

what Charles Smith said a while ago, we are producing "liberally educated men and women" who might be majoring in a whole long array of courses, but who, in spite of or maybe because of that, also need introduction to art and music and the theatre. Not that we won't have an occasional student who once in a while will become a pianist or the like, but the typical Wake Forest student is going to be somebody who will be doing any one of a number of things. Ideally, if he's been exposed to the arts here, he will have greater sensitivity to them, and he can teach his children about them, he will have taste in his home, his surroundings, and will have some feeling for whatever this artistic dimension to life is."
/bravo/

Charles Smith: "The kind of education we're interested in here is the kind of education the School of the Arts can't supply. At Wake Forest we want to give the students a general, broad liberal background in music, for example, and I think this is what we should always hope to do. Some of the students, as Dr. Wilson said, might end up on stage someday. Hopefully we will encourage those who are very talented to do this, but I don't think that's the basic goal of the music department here—to prepare people for the stage, that's not it at all."

And so once again begins Mr. Prohaska:

"I think that's a very important point. You get this experience in art which enriches their lives. They are more aware of what's going on. In aesthetics throughout the world as they grow, this is a vital experience. God, I'm forever meeting people, important editors and scientists and all, who don't know a Picasso from a . . . from a . . ."

Boyd to the rescue: "Poussin!" /of course/

Prohaska: "Yah, Poussin, you know."
/knowledgeable laughter/

Boyd persists: "And never will!"

Prohaska enforces: "Yeah, and *never will!* All will say, well, I will be very prejudiced here, all will say "My child can do that!"—that's typical, you know. I know a lot of people like that, the world's full of them. That's real ignorance, now, and you know it is, and it is something that is so prevalent today. I mean, *you can't believe it!* The uh . . . [laughs] . . . I'll never forget the . . . uh . . . The world is full of gushers. People in parties especially, and . . . I came from California and a group out in San Francisco gave me a party and that was when I was still in illustrating. I had a big reputation in New York . . . Well, I went out there and these people gave me an exhibition and they put on a terrific . . . Wow! . . . San Francisco parties are out of this world. You know, they're just out of this world. There are people milling around, just like that [elaborate gesturing]. And so . . . some

Charles Smith, Music Department



dowager came up to me and said, "OOOHHHHH! MR. PEE-CAA-SOO! Now that I have seen you, I like your work so much better!" Well, I didn't say a damn word, but my friend Ray Sullivan, a wise ass Irishman standing next to me, just about split his gut laughing. Picasso, my God! You know, she was getting this stuff that was going through one ear and out the other with this little mind up here that wasn't registering at all. I was so tickled . . . You know, like Prohaska like Picasso, this is it. Aw, it's typical, now really it is.

Wilson quips: "You've seen one you've seen them all."



Ray Prohaska, Artist in Residence



SCENE V In which Elements
of the Counter-Culture
Are Injected into a General
Discussion of the Relation-
Ship of Art and Life—Acid Criticism!

Mr. Vaud Travis exclaims:

"One thing also that is attractive to me about a fine arts center is what fine arts can do for the atmosphere of a place. Not just what they do for the individual students, what they do . . .

Boyd dryly: "They make it bearable, that's all."

Browning quests: "What do you mean by that?"

To which Boyd replies: "I'm *serious*. It [*art*] makes me aware that people are alive. THIS IS ABSOLUTELY THE DULLEST CAMPUS I HAVE EVER BEEN ON IN MY LIFE! It absolutely destroys every sense of spirit that I have ever had. Just to walk on it . . . and every now and then you hear some music, you see a play, or you see a group of students that are talking about something like that or else cramming for an examination, you are aware that something is going on . . . and that's the only thing that enlivens this whole situation."

Browning injects: "And yet you put on an open air rock concert out on Magnolia Court and you get a barrage of complaints from nearby faculty members."

Boyd affirms: "That's right, you have all these faculty members over thirty . . ."

Browning: "You're headed that way."

Boyd, unshaken: "Well, they [*faculty over thirty and otherwise*] survived and are waiting for another one."

Sandi Ellis gracefully intervenes: "I talked to a man at the Craftsmen's Fair who was a professor at an Alabama College. I talked about our problem of needing a fine arts center on campus and he said, 'Well, you know, one of the problems that people don't understand is at how many points art touches their lives. You don't realize how many matters of art are matters of life.' And every matter of taste is a matter of art. How you decorate your home, how you choose your clothes in the morning, the style of your haircut, the shades of eyeshadow—all these are matters of taste and art. People are not aware that art is more than a painting hanging on a wall, or two tickets to opening night. Art is a matter of life, a matter of living every day. It's a matter of seeing things and hearing things with a special eye and a special ear, of observing with your mind and spirit."

Dr. Boyd wonders aloud: "Where did you hear *that*? I just about fell out of my chair in ecstasy over here [*just about*]. Byron or Shelley or Keats or what?"

Vaud Travis continues: "Art really hits a vital spot. People who are around arts are just more alive, there's something moving, there's something about a sensitivity to beauty or to a finer note. It deepens

you, and not in a spacy way, it's very real. It's very basic. And a campus needs that . . . to affect biology or the way people think about other things. I think it rubs off."

A very fine example from Sandi Ellis:

"I heard Dr. Olive of the Biology Department one day make a very perceptive statement that speaks for the enlightened man, one whose sensitivities have not been dulled just because he specialized in one field. He was talking about this particular kind of micro-organism, which he said was the most beautiful single living thing he had ever seen. And when he looks at this creature crawling around on a slide through a microscope, he sees *more* than a potential germ or a potential serum or a lab final. He sees with an appreciation for life, for color, for shape, and for movement."





SCENE VI In which a Final
Summation is Provided by
Several Parties, Which Could
Be Summarized——Now, and How!

"Two things that occur to me," begins Provost Wilson, "that we haven't talked about. One is the radio station WFDD, which I think is one of the most important public relations devices, if nothing else, that we have in the whole community. I was at a concert at the School of the Arts, as a matter of fact, and at intermission I was talking with several representative arts lovers in the community who have no connection with Wake Forest . . . and these people just began by saying that they thought that WFDD, from their perspective, was Wake Forest's finest cultural asset. Now, probably they don't come out to the theater or to concerts too much, but they listen to WFDD, night after night they have it on, and I don't think we ought to overlook that. The other thing is the film program, which I happen to be an enthusiast for . . ."

Dr. Boyd points out, "But that's limited only to us really. You see, they can't open that to the public just because of finances, but it is splendid. People do partake of it."

Then Wilson, "And I think, having established a reputation for at least one year, as having the best film program in the country, this is something we can capitalize on and I think in planning the arts center, we should take into account that we already have a strength here."

Boyd: "I think it would be excellent. And putting some more money behind that film program. They cut down on the budget last year."

Wilson: "Even so, it is as fine a program as a college like this can conveniently support, I think, for the audience we have in this size school."

Editor Travis then states, "A couple of things. One thing that was said at one time was that we don't mention dance. Well, that was significant. Also I think that it is significant, and this is just a personal thing, that we haven't mentioned anything about writers or people who are trying to do anything with poetry or short stories. I think it's really minimal."

Sandi Ellis responds, "I think this is what Chuck was talking about when he talks about the coming together of these departments into one complex where the arts are together. He said earlier that we haven't experimented with what we can do with combinations of music and theater, music and art. And things that grow out of this are dance and musical performances and things of this nature. There's no way that you can coordinate the departments now . . . you've got them spread out from one end of the campus to the other."

Then Vaud Travis says, "I'd like to get back to one point. That is the *Student Magazine*, which is the only vehicle for student creative writing. It is the only thing that has sought to do anything with creative writing. There is no kind of forum program, idea, or

proposal other than some kind of peanut discussion in the back halls of the English department for *any* kind of effort toward encouraging student writing. And heck, we get in people who are doing a lot of things in that line, people are writing poetry . . . even if they had a dream and they wake up and said "I have a vision!" and write this terrible poem—that's all right. They made an effort."

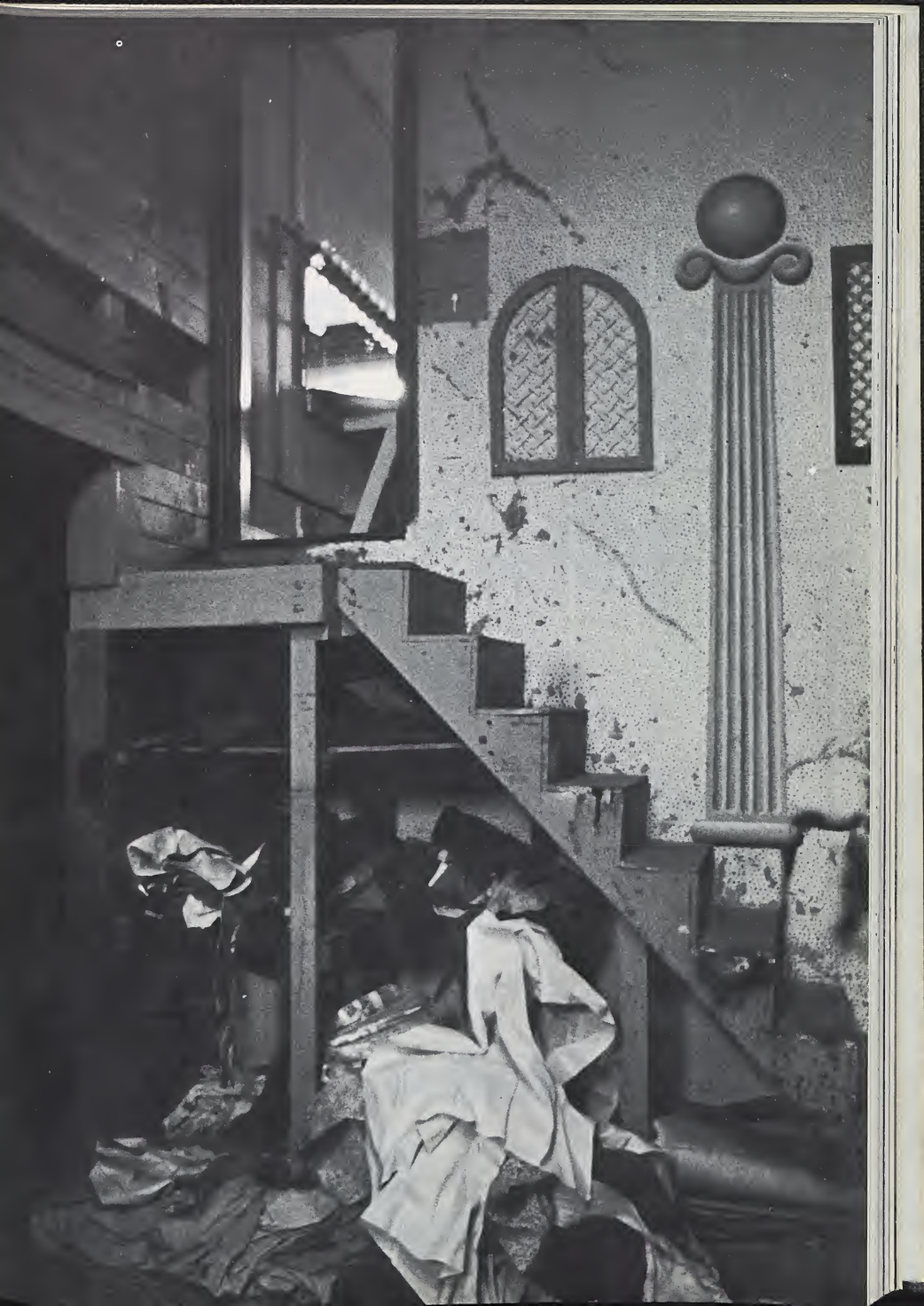
Boyd: "But that's not necessarily an arts center part of an arts setup. This is just the cultural life of the school, and that's up to you all to do."

Wilson: "Of course, presumably when we have the arts center, then whatever exists in all the arts would inspire greater activity in these arts, too."

Charles Smith concludes: "I think we're all agreed that we need a fine arts center. We're all agreed on the reasons for and the necessities of a fine arts center. I'd just like to see us do something not something concrete. If we need these plans that Dr. Wilson has talked about to decide exactly what it is that we need, then let's get down to brass tacks and make these decisions and get on with it. Let's get it built as quickly as possible."

SCENE VII In Which We
All Take Up the Responsibility
for Active Advocacy
of the Arts and a Worthy
Center for Them——Out Front!





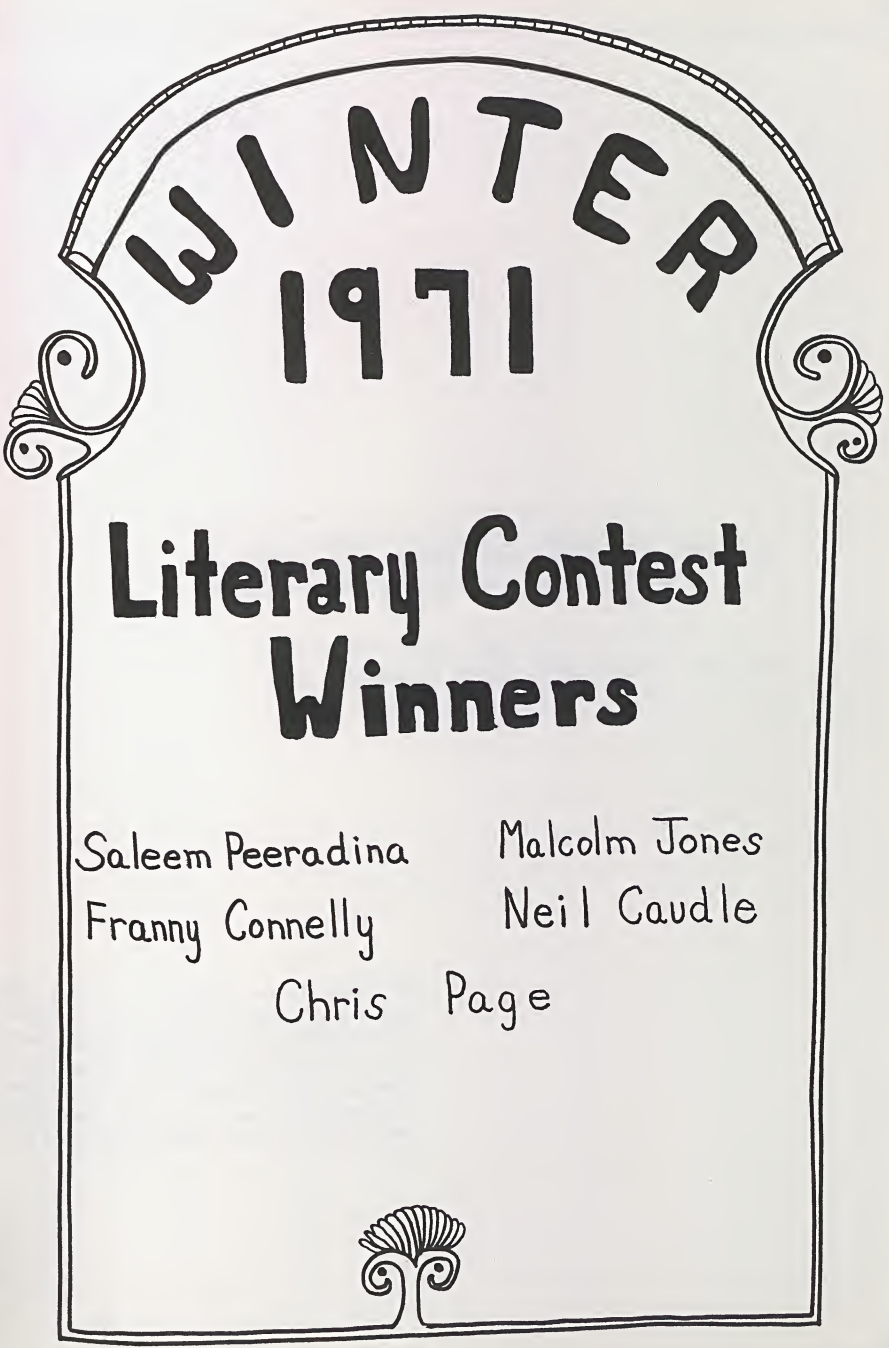
Second Place
Cover Entry
SUE NORMAN

"I have, alas, studied philosophy,
Jurisprudence and medicine, too,
And, worst of all, theology
With keen endeavor, through and through—
And here I am, for all my lore,
The wretched fool I was before."
Faust

The Student



NORMAN



WINTER
1971

Literary Contest Winners

Saleem Peeradina

Malcolm Jones

Franny Connelly

Neil Caudle

Chris Page

*"You'll often have to erase if you mean to write something
Worth reading twice. And don't try to dazzle the mob—
Fit audience find, though few. You're not such a fool
That you want your works used as textbooks in second-rate
schools . . .*

(by Horace, from the Satire "Bored to Distraction")

The judges for the Winter 1971 *Student Literary* Contest were Professors Carter, Fosso, and Bonnett of the Wake Forest College English Department, and from the *Student* staff, Vaud Travis, Dana Dye, John Browning, and Wayne Palfrey. It was the consensus of the judges that there be no third place award in poetry, and no second or third place award in short stories.

POETRY

"... filing the peopled paper away
so went the memory also..."

KAMATI WOMAN

Against a motley framework you
Emerge bearing stone, return
Measure again your infinitely slow distance
To the rise.

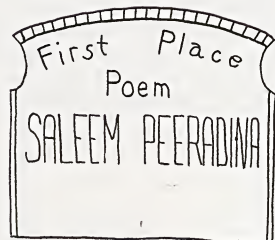
Beneath the mounting rise, sometimes,
Though you are simply a figure bending
Over rubble, the full brown
Movement of your body's taut mystery alone
Gives stone meaning.

From wall's meaning
To your own in the shifting shade where
squatting, you house
A body close, your breast
Fills his need. Your smile lighting

Shadows in the sub-regions of your eye disturbs
My poem. Somehow, the long sadness
You've always held there is stronger
Than stone borne at the centre
Of this boom.

At the concrete centre of a city, your turning
Face's lone procession rests
Against on the small length of movement
In the shade. In the given shade

He kicks at the dust, fingers
Stone, never knowing which way you go
Of where you come from.



MOTHER
for Tahir

My consumed mother,
they took over the beginning
of your timed end
to lay out formally
and legislate,
your body cleansed and bound
in hospital-white
as an object under lens
is probed
and classified.

While others wailed, coffin
touched shoulder briskly
but reverently to the book,
and the mound at the finish
marked,
shut out the sky from you.

But you never left home.

HOME

For the old and disabled
A place
Just like home, remote
But in fairly pleasant surroundings
Will serve as a spot
To fade in: room enough
For necessary discord
Of skin and bone.
Lying memorial-like
Or just sitting
Sunning the vacant spaces
Of their eyes. But hardly stirring
The off-colour silence.
Nor wanting release from duty
Of filling chair and bed:
And hearing breath
Turn back and forth
Clock and anti-clock-wise.

WELL

Along the semi-circular rim we ran
to where

The wall was cut eye-high.

The reflection the dark stone wall
threw

In the clear water and which the water held

By keeping still made the water
look

Dark-coloured.

So a stone became the mode of up-
setting

Wall's repose to set the water free to see
hurriedly

Our lit faces.



1911

the young woman wore a checkered apron
as she had probably just been called
out of the kitchen
for the picture
taken of all of them
out on the wide white porch there
(the kind of porch with
a pale blue ceiling

and sometimes with
painted stars and moons
as if the entire universe and all Ever
hinged upon that very spot and perhaps it did)

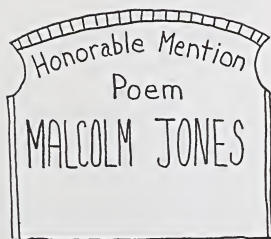
the subjects putting away
their afternoon talk
for the solemnity of the moment
and the severe poses
caught and clicked in order
to record this universe
so to show it to others who weren't there
at the time

saying Here it Was and Is
all stamped on a scrubbed hard faces
and the generous green-shuttered house
Victorian amid clattering pin oaks
and the sweet spiced kitchen smells
after their Sunday meal

And wonder if they remembered
that time again
or at least the pain
in knowing they couldn't
though most likely
filing the peopled paper away
so went the memory also
and they lost that smiling summer afternoon
years back

and the world held there
tranquil.





October Country

You left and October caught me up short
With its penny colored moon;
And then the rain came,
Filling my shoes with water,
Ruining the harvest still in the fields.

You left and once again I was caught waiting,
My eye for the moods of seasons never too good.
I should have known—
The stones had long leaked their summer heat.

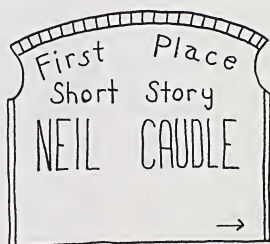
The Revolt of the Beekeeper

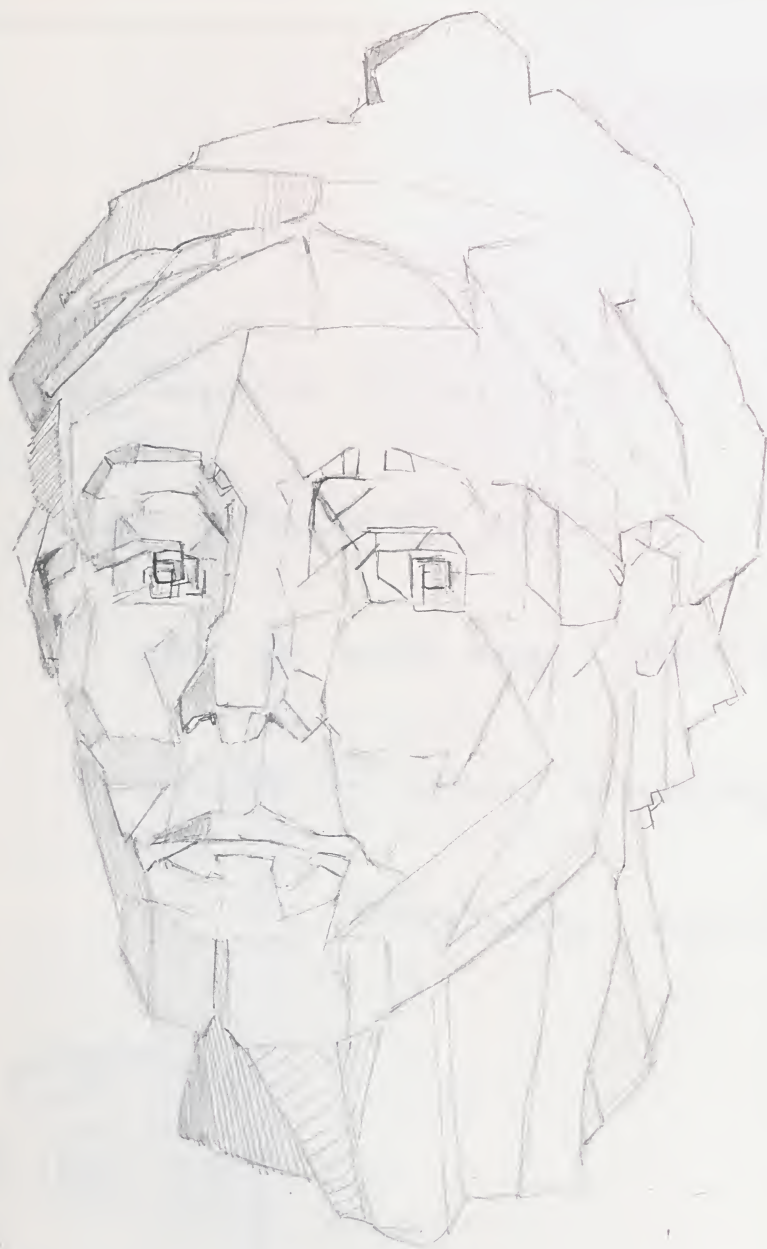
I leave the white domed hives -
Tiny temples of harnessed life.
I leave the bees, screaming for honey,
To the other keepers in their black anonymous robbery.
I shed this droning life.
I will go and ferret in the crotches of black trees,
To fight the wind honey locusts for their wealth.

But even if I struggle,
I cannot lose this hungry collection
Of mordant jokers that tag along
(Their black funereal masks
Still mark them efficient thieves).
For neither can my mask be shorn,
So tightly is it stuck by habit to my face.
We bear the old grins of ancient malice,
Grins not scrubbed off
Since the day we came gasping
Into this side of the universe:
Survival was only a matter
Of finding where the punchlines lay.

PROSE

"...He was a bull, a crazed grizzly bear, a ruthless Frankenstein monster unleashed upon them by the unprincipled greed of the athletic department..."





NEIL

DUTCH

One morning in January the sky was quietly dropping another layer of snow onto the hill, wrapping it like a soft white muffler and hushing its turf. The hill was a bottom-up saucer, a round swell of land with a flattened top that was graded clean of shrubs or trees. Near the middle of the hill's flat top stood a crusted sentry, base frozen solid to the hill, mutely staring off over the pines that grew at the bottom of the rise. The figure neither moved nor shivered, nor attempted to shake the frosting off his thick chest and arms. Nor could the stalwart form see the heavy man that came through the pines and began to climb the rim towards the top.

The man was huge. His gross outline dark against the snow, he lumbered like a stiff cave bear on his unconscious way. The older snow that had fallen two days before had frozen over during the night. The crust was ice hard and thick enough to support a man of average weight. But the man that made his way up the hill on that morning was much heavier than average. As he walked, the crust could resist his footfalls for only a second until he applied his weight to the step, and then the ice would break. And so, each step he took met resistance, then resistance broken.

Halfway up the slope, the man lifted his eyes from his boots and gazed at the erect sentry on the top of the hill. It was snowing steadily and his coarse eyelashes occasionally snagged a snowflake and blurred his sight with cold. After pausing for a moment, an impish smile stirred his red face, and lowering his shoulders, the man bellowed an inhuman roar and charged up the hill. The snowy figure at the top remained unflinching at his post. When he neared his objective, legs thrashing the icy snow and lungs letting steam like a boiler, the man dipped his right shoulder and lunged in a dive, toppling the snowman's torso off its frozen base in a white explosion of snow and ice.

The two lay side by side for a moment, broken snowman and heaving brute; the one more human of the pair staring at the falling snowflakes with squinted eyes. Presently the man rose up out of the snow to his feet and dusted his black top-coat with

his gloved palms. He pulled a green knit cap off his burly head and shook it clean. Then quietly, as if reconciled for a while, he turned and crunched off down the other side of the hill.

It was not that Dutch was dimwitted; on the contrary, he was actually intelligent. His brain was good as his mother's, the librarian, and his father's, the accountant, combined. But something happened to his thoughts before they left his head. It was as if his brain case sought to lock in his mind and forbid it to explore past its closet. His brain was a plodding turtle, unable to crawl out from under its heavy shell . . . as if the thrashing his skull took braced and thickened the bones in their effort to confuse his thoughts, or to scatter them in his mouth so that they were emitted far weaker than the grey matter that generated them. So Dutch learned to talk no more than necessity demanded. He resigned himself to hope that someday his tongue would somehow figure out what his brain was talking about.

Controls. That was what his parents had always said he should have, and he guessed they were right. He did feel desperate without them; the controls that is. When he was a boy, his mother had said it was like Dutch's big boxer Sam that they used to keep in a lot in the back yard. "Sam is a big, strong dog," she had said, "and big dogs naturally want to do things that can't be allowed while we're living here in town. We have to keep Sam on a leash around here because if we didn't, then he would go next door and eat the neighbors' cats. Or he might jump up on some old lady, just playing, but it would scare her to death. But it doesn't really hurt Sam to keep him on a leash, he's still friendly and good-natured, even though he pulls mighty hard sometimes. And when we take him out in the country, he runs around your Uncle Ned's farm just as healthy and happy as he can be. But he never does mind coming home with us, does he? I guess it's worth it to him to be kept closed up if he can live with us. But even in the country there's things Sam can get shot at for, like chasing Fred Will's cows." Then she would go on to say that Dutch was a lot like Sam. She would say that Dutch had to learn

inner controls though, since he wouldn't have anyone to keep him out of trouble by and by. It wouldn't do any good to make him feel guilty for wanting to do certain things; that was natural. Nevertheless he must be punished if he actually did them. Things that offended or hurt other people or their property, that is. Dutch was a lot like Sam, big and strong and always straining on his leash. But one time when Sam broke his leash and snatched a cat right out of a little girl's arms, they had had to sell him out to a man with a farm. That was the difference.

But on the football field, Dutch was free to do things that he wasn't allowed to other times, even commended for doing them. He was good at football, too. So said the trophies that perched like gilded little gods in his room. So said his happy hometown. So said the thirsty screams of the fans when he drew his blood and spread his bone-cracking destruction on the gridiron. Dutch had what the coaches used to call

heart, and what they call balls now. They delighted in the storm that inspired the man.

And so everyone rejoiced when Dutch signed himself to a college football scholarship. He would be great, they said, nothing could stop big Dutch. But as it turned out, college football sort of soured around him. Everything was bigger. He could still knock everybody down, but the huge banks of fans were scary. So was the fact that there was money involved, and big money at that. Each game counted towards more seats sold; more money to build with, more to pay for the shiny new stadium they played in. And each game counted towards the coaches' jobs and popular opinion. There was so much trouble to go through, a frightening lot of trouble. Like Vitamin B shots in your tail and high pitched athlete psychology and endless trips to the john in the oppressive tension before every game. And then there were the students. The students eyed him with amazement and



confusion. He was superhuman, they said. He was a bull, a crazed grizzly bear, a ruthless Frankenstein monster unleashed upon them by the unprincipled greed of the athletic department. He told himself that he enjoyed the painted coeds that looked at him under their eyelashes and found excuses to touch him and handle him and prove to themselves that he was every bit the animal they thought he was. Rumors went around that he could be seen running sprints in his underwear late at night. They said he chugged vodka straight and never flinched. They said that he jumped out of second story windows and walked away unhurt. Dutch became the fearful symbol of Jock-personified on a campus that was already anti-athlete. Controls? Controls meant not jumping off before the snap.

His second year at school, in January, Dutch met Mary. It was one night when Dutch had been doing some reading in the library. He came out onto the granite steps facing the quad, stretching himself to get rid of the stiffness. It was difficult for him to sit quietly in a chair for long periods of time studying. It set his nerves to irritating each other and making his limbs miserable. By the time he'd ground through two hours or so, the commotion generally worked its way into his head, and he was fit to strangle whoever yelled at him or horsed around with him back in the dorm. As he stepped onto the quad, a very short, long-haired male approached him carrying something hidden behind his back. The man looked way up into Dutch's face and asked politely, "Are you Dutch Gregor?"

"Yeah."

"The football player?"

"Yeah."

"Special delivery from the freaks to the Animal Farm," and the short man whirled a coffee can from behind his back and slung cold water into Dutch's face and chest. So doing, he spun and blazed off across the quad joggling his laughter with his short-legged canter. Dutch was first fastened to the walk in astonishment; but then the humiliation went right into his belly and he charged out after the fleeing target. But just as he was closing ground, another long-hair stepped from behind a bush and heaved a green waste can full of water right into his midsection, soaking his winter clothes through to the skin. Dutch was mad with rage. He blindly abandoned his chase of the short man and plowed ahead for the newer offender. But again he was led alongside another thick shrub, and from behind it, a third conspirator flung more icy water into his eyes. Dutch caught this man's coat for an instant, but he slipped in the wet grass and the villain squirmed away. Dutch was closer on this one's tail though, and before they reached the next bush, he had him an arm's

length away. But just as he lunged for him, the man ducked and Dutch went sprawling headlong into a dense row of boxwoods. Laughing and shrieking themselves breathless, the heroic team of pranksters scampered off in the direction of the dormitories.

Mary had watched it all from the top step in front of the library door. She watched as Dutch slowly pulled his great bulk out of the bush and stood up. She had to run down the stairs and up the walk to catch up to him. When she was walking long beside him she said, "Who were the guys that threw the water?"

"Hippies. They come crawling' outa' the fucking ground."

"Why were they bugging you?"

"I don't know; they call us animals, shit. They're the animals."

"No, they're children. You're the animal."

"Screw you!"

"It's true. You behave just the way they want you to; like some crazy animal."

Dutch growled way down in his throat and picked up his pace so that Mary had to hustle to keep with him. She was fairly large herself. She wasn't fat or ill-proportioned, but she was big-boned and fully filled out. Her face was smooth and pretty, the large bones of her jaws, cheeks and forehead supported her face in symmetry and held her skin tight in unfurrowed planes. Blond hair angled into waves down nearly to her shoulders.

There was something in the way that Mary looked at him that made Dutch feel easier when she was around. She regarded him as if she expected that he would be kind and human towards her. Maybe it was because she didn't fashion her interest in him out of some erotic fantasy, and he could let her thoughtfulness soften and sooth him. He felt more like speaking when he was with her, and his words surprised him with their readiness to perform with obedient accuracy. That summer they were married in her home town. Then they moved into a trailer near the campus the next fall.

That January, Mary was seven months pregnant. It was a very cold winter. It had snowed over and over and the wind often drifted snow against the trailer, sometimes as high as the windows. At times it was like a plague; when it was so cold that children weren't out in the trailer park, and when the landscape seemed so morbidly empty. Small chores like trips for groceries or the short trek to classes seemed mammoth undertakings. Mary was out of school then, but Dutch still went to class and struggled to keep up.

Dutch had a tutor. He hadn't asked for one, but he'd gotten one anyway and his name was Beethoven.

Beethoven had come out for the team voluntarily and during the confusion of the first sessions, the only sweat shirt he could find to work out in had been one bearing the likeness and the name of the old composer. So thereafter, even though he'd been dropped from the team because of his slight build and negative ability, the man was called Beethoven. But Beethoven had been found useful to the team anyway, on account of his ability in English literature. Beethoven had a wife named Meg whom he married shortly after being dropped from the team. It was as though, if he couldn't make the football squad, the least he could do was make the girl. Meg came along most every week when her husband went to Dutch and Mary's trailer.

On a Tuesday evening that January, Beethoven was tutoring Dutch at the kitchen table and Meg and Mary were talking on the sofa in the living room. Beethoven was trying to explain the puzzles of transcendentalism to Dutch.

"Don't ya' see Dutch, the transcendentalists, like, well like Emerson, they believed in inspiration. You've got to be inspired to do something truly great, like make art or find great ideas and so on. You don't just cram things in you. And when you're out in nature, like Thoreau, you gotta' open up your mind so to speak, and let the spirit of it all cause you to see the real truth. The mind is limitless, you know, and therefore you've got to get above the lower, physical state, transcend the body, and do what . . ." Just then a yellow piece of note paper fell out of a book Beethoven was brandishing and lay open on the table so that Dutch could see that there were verses written on it.

"Hey Beeh', what's that?"

"Nothing," Beethoven said, folding the paper quickly and putting it in his pocket.

"Aw heck, I know it was something. It's a poem, ain't it?" Dutch was grinning. "Come on pal, let me read your poem."

"No. Let's get back to what we were doing."

"Will you let me read it when we get through?"

"No."

"Why not?" Dutch was becoming more serious.

"Because you wouldn't understand. Poems are personal. Can't let just anybody read them."

Dutch was in earnest now. His forehead creased and his eyes were fastened on Beethoven. "What do you mean I wouldn't understand? I wouldn't laugh, I swear wouldn't. I'd like your poem . . ., or at least I guess I would. But I wouldn't make fun."

"No. I'm sorry Dutch." Beethoven's eyes were cast down to his book.

Dutch gave up, but his face was flushed and he was shaking. He was hurt. Beethoven resumed his lecture

on transcendentalism in a more cool and sober tone.

Over on the couch, Mary and Meg were talking about Mary's husband. "I'll never understand how you feed that man of yours Mary. I mean, He's huge!" Meg was an ambiguous sort of woman, as far as looks were concerned. With her eyes slightly closed and her lips parted just so; and her hair covering her right cheek, she was quite attractive. Otherwise, she was average. "I'll bet he eats enough to feed a gorilla," she finished.

"Not really," said Mary, "he eats a little more than me, but he's no gorilla."

"Maybe not in eating."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You know."

"Know what?"

"Maybe like in the sack," Meg said daringly, twisting her hair.

"Oh come on Meg!"

"No really, how is he, just out of curiosity. Is he good?"

"I don't think I know what you're talking about; and if I did, I doubt that I would want to answer."

"Oh come on Mary, don't be so inhibited, so absolutely Victorian. Just . . ., is he better in bed than most?"

"I wouldn't know."

"Why not?!!"

"Because I've never had anyone else. And I don't plan to. Let me just say that we make each other happy, and I think that's all that counts."

Meg wasn't satisfied, but that was all that she could get out of Mary. Dutch wasn't certain why, but he hated Beethoven's wife. He found himself thinking about her sometimes, and then he hated her more. She couldn't hold a stick to Mary, but still she had the peculiar ability to get under his skin so that he couldn't ignore her. He even dreamed about her sometimes, and then felt strangely guilty afterwards. Maybe it was the way she acted — like a scrawny cat in heat.

Finally Beethoven took his wife home. Before they left, Mary asked Meg if she would mind coming over the next night to fix Dutch a little supper. "He's likely to starve to death," Mary said, grinning up at her husband, "and I have an inescapable doctor's appointment tomorrow evening."

"Sure I will," Meg replied, "you just go right ahead and I won't let this big strong husband of yours starve." She smiled at Dutch and he squirmed a little under her gaze. But no one noticed and Mary opened the door and let them out into the snowstorm.

* * * *

Dutch lay sleeping on the couch in the trailer.



NEIL

was dark but it wasn't late yet. That was another thing so bad about January; it seemed like it was dark most of the time. His head rested on a pillow and his legs were bent at the knees to allow the couch to hold all of him. Folded so, the huge body mounded in great thick swells and partially submerged in the fat sofa cushions. One hand clutched at the pillow under his head and the other dangled onto the floor.

Outside, a January gale found the trailer and lunged against it with fleshy cold glee. Again and again the blast banged the chilled metal sides, finding pores and seams to sneak into, threatening to weaken the trailer and then to blow it to bits. It flung snow until it forced the frozen stuff under the door and powdered the floor inside. Maybe the gale was hurling some brazen dare at the great creature inside, maybe seeking a force brute as itself to butt against. Although the metal shell held and did not open to the wind, small pin-like drafts darted in and pricked at Dutch and likely further aroused the dreams that boiled around his head.

Dutch's subconscious put him hip-deep in a thick, muddy bog. Grey swampgrass grew limply out of the ooze and an inky wash made the dull sky and the swamp pallid reflections of each other. The slime sucked at the man's thighs and held him tight. Everywhere he looked the swamp stretched out like a sluggish desert. Where the nearest firm ground rose out of the swamp and mounded into a hill, a woman stood casually, unaware of anyone but herself. The woman seemed beautiful; but strangely enough, there was no feature nor physical reason to justify such a claim. She seemed goddess like, but certainly no holiness was about her. But she conducted the bog symphony-like around her, and the black trees behind her like a choir. She lifted an arm and the trees rattled their branches and the swampgrass beat and whipped up a wind. She shook her hair and the bog shivered and rippled with oily tremors. She spun around on one foot and the swampgrass gathered closer and thicker around the man so that he stood in a wet black clump of it. How is it possible for her to possess such power? If she were to be caught . . . , if he were to break the bog and thunder up the hill and throw himself against her, she would shatter like a clay doll. But nevertheless, she twisted the trees with her fingertip.

The woman began to half-chant, half sing a jumble of musical words that echoes in the swamp and spellbound the trees.

"Call me anything dragon or beast—

Meg begs, Meg begs

Bully me bully me batter me blue

And men are but horses and horses but bulls,

Meg beg, Meg begs."

The words stung the man and bent him double in the bog. His head bristled and his stony shoulders braced and ached in frustration. He pumped his knees, but they were powerless. He scooped mud and flung it futilely at the hill; and then held his ears with muddy paws with the voice still chanting on.

"... Crush me, smush me, mush me to goo
Meg begs begs begs"

The man hated himself, hated the woman, and the swamp.

As he came groggily out of sleep and dream, Dutch opened his eyes on the trailer's insides. There were no sudden edges to define the dream from the real, nor the sleep from the awakeness. As images began to impress themselves on his vision, he saw a woman moving in the kitchen. She glided from side to side and she was humming or maybe singing faintly. Once she spread her legs and reached behind her to pull at a loose stocking under her skirt. Her lean limbs shone in the man's eyes and it seemed that he could see their very bones; smoothly wrapped with muscle, meshed with warm, active blood, and finished neatly with tight skin. But there was also a chilling toss of hair, a maddening pivot on one foot, and a prickling twist of a hand.

And then Dutch began to realize that his legs were no longer useless to him. The cushions clung to him for a second, but then they let him go. Easily he rolled his feet off onto the floor and elevated his awesome form groggily as a sea monster raises itself from the sea. Achieving his full altitude, he steadied himself and focused his eyes on the woman. She was confidently going on with her business, and her back was turned. Dutch quivered with a slight convulsion of either spirit or flesh, and knotting his fists, moved slowly towards her. The wind must have still been rushing around, because she did not hear him come forward, or know he was awake, until she felt a huge hand grip her shoulder and spin her around. The shock of the motion, and worse, the sight of the man whose shadowy hulk filled the kitchen, shot sickness into the woman's brain.

As if he could smell the terror on her very skin, Dutch became suddenly, ecstatically aware of conquest. He plunged his hands under her armpits and raised her shaking, pinning her shoulders flat against the wall. Her legs kicked uselessly and her breath floundered in and out. Dutch pressed his face into her breast and held her with one hand while the other ripped through her clothes and tore them like tissue. It was then, when she felt his hand on her flesh, that the woman found the strength, the power that gathered in her spine, commanding every nerve to its threshold; and she opened her jaws to a deafening

scream. The sound quaked the man like an explosion. His mind flashed on and found consciousness. Then he dropped her to the floor and stood over her stunned and frightened. The woman crumbled sobbing at his feet, and as she looked up at him, Dutch saw the eyes, and the pathetic fear and pitiful weakness that showed there. Once again she gathered her forces and shrieked so hard that her throat rasped and her face broke in delirium. As the first scream had frozen him, the second uncovered Dutch's legs. He bolted, pulling the door open, and leaped like a wounded beast into the wind storm, leaving the wind to greedily kick spinning snow in the trailer door.

* * * *

Mary wasn't sure why Dutch came back. She had put a line in the newspaper that read "Meg okay come home please", but she doubted that was the reason. She did know that Dutch trusted her, maybe even more than he trusted himself. She had helped him to get over the way people looked at him and the things they said. He read once that personality is the way you react to other people. Dammit! How do you react to a kid who thinks you're Frankenstein; a superstitious coed that thinks you the biggest phallic object she ever knew, big as a bull; a coach that trains you like a fighting cock, egging on the brute force, chocking you with guts and balls and heart and all sorts of similar virtues to take pride in and defend; teachers that assume you can't keep up and so fix your grades, listening to the coach ("ease up on my boys, they work hard in the afternoons"); the whole damned school and town that respects the animal (don't feed the bear), fears the animal. There comes a time when a man wants to give up and put on the show they're clamoring for, give them what they want, snarl for the kiddies, shit on the whole creepin' world.

He and Mary talked it all out when he came back home. They talked about controls. Mary said that as hard and as unfair as they seemed sometimes, that you just couldn't stay sane without them. Dutch said that once and for all he was through doing all the crazy things that he used to do showing off or just plain not thinking. It was harder, if you once did that one crazy thing, to keep from doing it over and over again until half the time you weren't making anything go right. And never, never do anything because somebody expected you to do it, unless you thought it was right.

A week later Dutch sat in a thick chair in the trailer draining a coke glass while Mary was in the kitchen fixing soup. It was late in the afternoon, the snow was lying still, the wind was amusing itself somewhere else, and the trailer park was left to quietly rest its chapped complexion. But the sky was

grey as rabbit fur and sagged alarmingly low as if retaining a heavy load. Mary's voice came from the kitchen, "Oh dear, I think it's going to snow again. Seems like we'll never see the grass again."

A knock rattled on the door and Mary came out of the kitchen. She opened the door and Dutch could see her, but not the visitor. He could tell by her expression and her voice that it was a stranger.

"Is Dutch Gregor living here?"

"Yes."

"I'm with the Student Weekly, may I talk to him?"

"Well . . ."

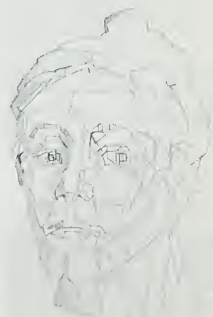
"I'm awake Mary, you can let him in," Dutch said.

"Okay," she said grudgingly to the stranger.

The boy came in boldly with his knit hat on and snow on his boots. He was thin and anxious and was probably a first year student; Dutch had never seen him before. He began to speak while Dutch sat square in his big chair, hands clasped solidly to his arms.

"Dutch, I'm with the Student Weekly and I'm thinking about doing a feature on you. You know, football as your life and your future in the pros and all that." Dutch didn't look at him or change his expression. "I hear you were quite a hell raiser your first couple' years in college; I mean not just on the field, gosh you did a lot of damage there, but on campus too. 'Course, I know most of what I hear is probably just rumors and bullshit; like eating glass. You don't really eat glass do you?"

Dutch looked at the boy blankly at first, as if the sheer weariness of it all numbed him mute. Then something turned in his head and his eyes sparked and his mouth wrinkled short lines into his heavy cheeks. He glanced into the kitchen to see if Mary was paying and attention. She wasn't. Then he picked the coke glass off the floor and set the clear edge between his teeth. With a swift snap of his great jaws he broke the glass and ground it between his ape-like molars!



Wednesday's Child

I haven't thought of you in years, and now, my mind reels away from any images but us. Those wonderful months . . . You were strangely tempered--disappearing often for days, even weeks--so, I never wondered when you left so suddenly the last time. I never really cared.

I first noticed them two weeks ago yesterday, their young bodies hurtling through the dying leaves in the park. I'd seen them before, since I'd usually rest there every day after work. I've been a type-setter for the past twelve years, since I dropped out of school. I go by the park to breathe air and listen to the wind and birds. And on Sundays I watch the lovers--they seem so happy. For six years I've been there almost every day.

Anyhow, it was Wednesday two weeks ago. There was a football game with boys around thirteen or fourteen, I guess. I sat down to watch. I remember the bench smelled wet; I always loved that musty smell of damp wood. The boys were pretty good. I used to play football myself, you know. It was one of the most exiting things . . . this one kid was *fantastic*--blocking, running, passing, you name it. I actually found myself cheering for him. Sorta made my fingers itch for the ball and run just like him . . . just like I used to. Oh, but he was good.

Honorable Mention
Short Story
CHRIS PAGE

Saturday, after work, I drifted over by the fire where they were messing around and turned in transistor to the University-State game, pretty loud and waited. They were just like I used to be. Some the guys moved within earshot, shyly avoiding open listening. The game was one of the thrillers of the season, and the boys edged closer, following the game. One boy, I recognized him as the good player, finally sat down beside me, his face shining. I looked as if he was right there at the game, for all the glowing he did. Afterwards, a few boys smiled and nodded their thanks as they left. I was happy. A little guy on the bench solemnly shook my hand. Such a young man, and strong hands.

I went home and inflated and cleaned my football and dug up my best jersey. Both were in good condition. I had always taken good care of it.

football things, you know. Sunday I went out and asked one of the boys to pitch it to me as I ran some old patterns. I noticed with pride the way he touched that ball with respect, and the way I had retained good form, even while so inactive. When the rest of their gang appeared, I faded to the side; I knew they didn't want me to play.

I did call the game, however, and I could tell they liked it. I guess it made the game more like a real one. I could still call well, too.

It was so good to be with people, especially boys. We were out there everyday, shouting, laughing, occasionally touching. I felt no longer that I was too old to laugh, at little less than thirty-five, since these guys made me happy. I did not regret giving up girls, but I realized how I had missed people.

One day, Wednesday, actually, the boys told me that Danny (that was HIS name) had a virus. I kept thinking of the awful times I had with those bugs when I was a kid. They were short lived, granted, but severe. I worried about him, and wanted to visit him Thursday, I found his home, but would not go inside. One of those tenant houses with the uncollected garbage, near the park. So, I just worried.

Friday he was back out in the park, tough little thing. I was overjoyed to see him. He couldn't play, so we called the game together. I admired him, I really did. To be so young and so gifted. His hands, his balance . . . he was a natural. He was a fine lad.

Saturday it rained, cold and grey, and I felt locked inside and lonely. When Sunday shone clear and crisp, I strolled up by the muddy field long before some of the boys were out of bed; before others were out of church. I waited in impatient anticipation.

That afternoon was a lively game. They passed with such vigor that sometimes (on purpose, I think) I'd have to retrieve the ball from mudpuddles and bushes. One pass slid into a pile of leaves near an elderly couple. The lady beamed at me and praised my efforts 'with those neglected children'. On impulse I

asked how she knew I was not a neighborhood resident. The lady replied, "You love them." I remember looking at them closely, the boys that is, as I lobbed the ball back in. Their fellowship had given me a contentment I had not known in what seemed like a life time. These were my boys, and I was learning to love them, actually love them. I no longer felt alone. And I was especially flattered by Danny's friendship.

I almost burst with pride that day, as I watched them play; all had some promise. Particularly Danny. I had almost decided to recommend him to an old coach of mine, before I remembered that the man had died several months back. I felt a slight chill at the thought, but the sight of my friends reassured me. I did have friends. On an impulse that afternoon, I tossed Danny my ball, for 'keeps'. It made me feel better.

Monday and Tuesday I had to work late—we had a rush job—but Wednesday I hustled out to the park. It was overcast and chilly, but the warm companionship soon dispelled my edginess. Seeing Danny again gave me the old feeling of security, although he wasn't playing well.

After some scrimmages he left the group and slowly walked over to the sideline. He held out the ball. "Papa don't like for me to have this thing," he said, turning so that I could not see the bluish mark on the side of his face. I remember how he tried to hold back his tears as he continued, "I can't play no more because I can't be around strangers. I can't play because *you* came." I told myself that he was not vengeful, but that he simply didn't understand, as then, neither did I.

I just stood there, holding the ball, wanting to do something to ease our feelings. He stiffened as someone approached, and I turned.

Before I recognized her, I *knew*. I pressed the ball into Danny's arms, hesitated a second, holding him, and ran into the dead leaves to escape the image of that woman who walked so heavily and so slowly, who looked old and defeated; yet, I knew, she was younger than myself.

Barbara, why did you do this to me? Something could have been worked out. I could have been so much happier . . . you, too. He could have made me so happy.

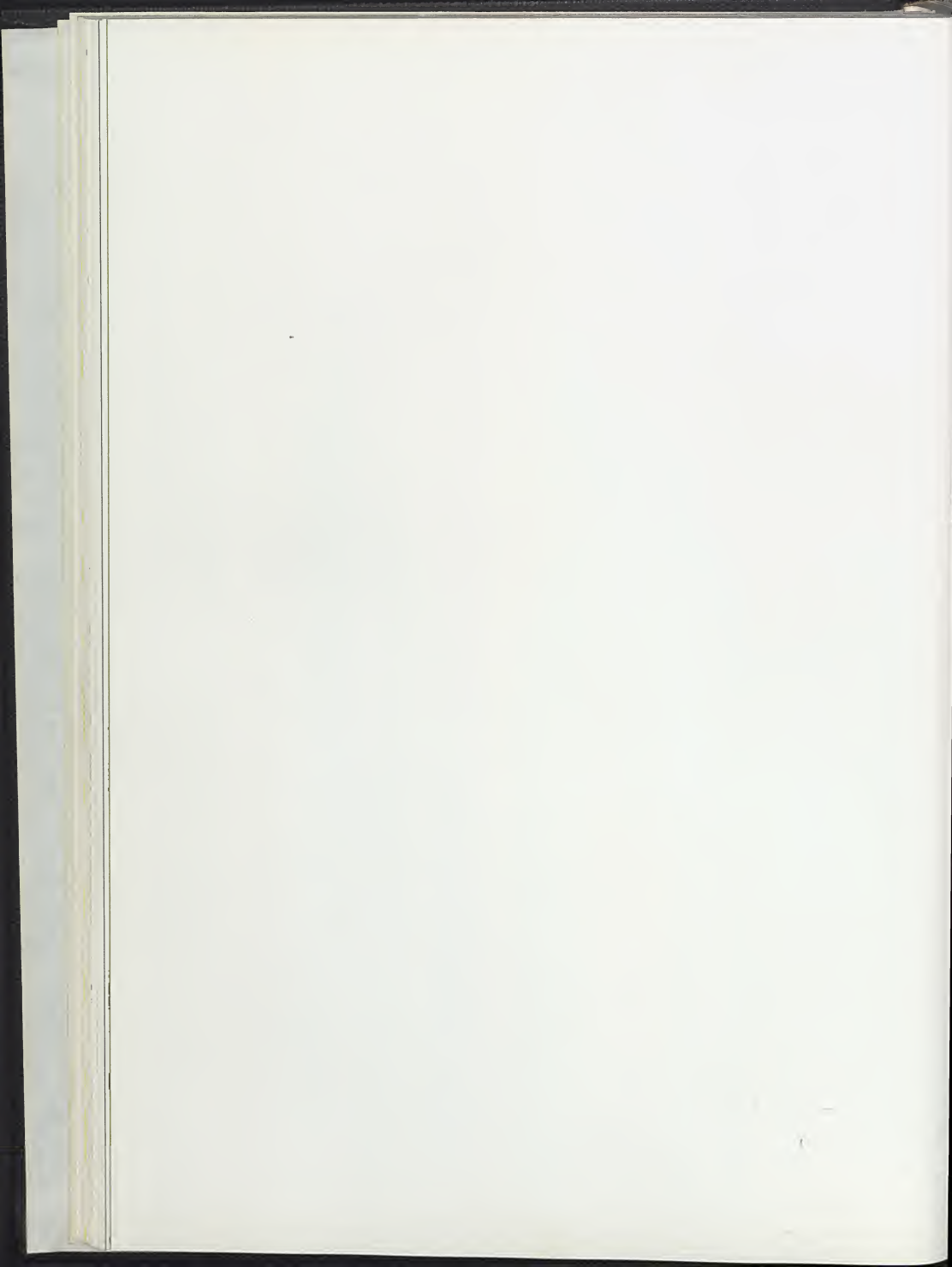
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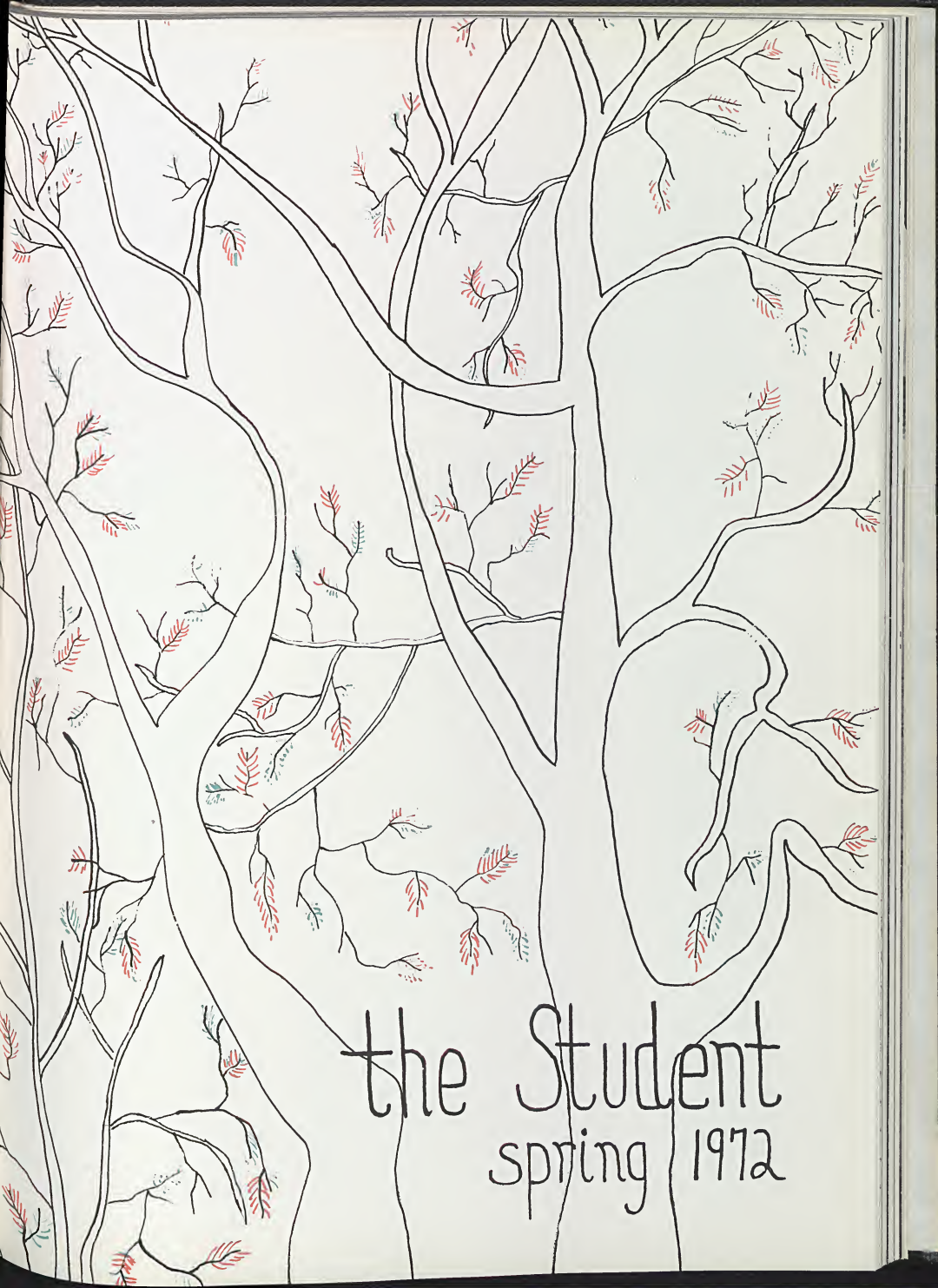
He sealed the envelope and deftly addressed it. He sat a long time, the stamp shedding its stickiness onto his sweating hand as he fingered it endlessly, and stared at the letter. Then he reached for the bottle again.

It has a glory, and naught else can share it:
The thought thereof is awful, sweet, and holy,
Chacing away all worldliness and folly;
Coming sometimes like fearful claps of thunder,
Or the low rumblings earth's regions under;
And sometimes like a gentle whispering
Of all the secrets of some wond'rous thing
That breathes about us in the vacant air.

John Keats, from
"Sleep & Poetry"







the Student
spring 1972



The garden is changing. Unlike the flashy blooms in your first book (Elton John, Superstar) or the intentional austerity of your second (Art is a Matter of Life), the magazine in your hands is a series of smaller flowers of issues and people that are immediate to Wake Forest -- the image of women at Wake Forest; our Artist-in-Residence, Ray Prohaska, and his new book; A. R. Ammons, a Wake Forest graduate who is being recognized as one of America's most distinguished poets; and a collage of the facilities of the Fine Arts at Wake Forest.

Like spring, the garden has a freshness. Both short stories are by writers whose fiction has not appeared in the Student. All the poets are new...and good. With one exception, all these writers are freshmen and sophomores. They are part of the purpose of this magazine: to cultivate a garden of Wake Forest talent.

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Bulletin: The mythical Scarlett O' Baptist, typical WFU coed, is reported to be missing from the campus. Authorities urge residents to be on the alert for a charming soft-spoken Southern lovely known for her bland sentiments and dull bookishness.

Perceptive individuals on the present campus, however, still voice suspicions that Scarlett never really left.

Myths And Magnolias

THE STUDENT magazine, in its continuing search for truth and virtue, is trying to locate the infamous Scarlett. Like all stereotypes, she proves elusive and hard to define, yet few doubt that her presence has been felt at Wake Forest. We hope the myth, once exposed, will be replaced with something altogether different . . . women. Certainly the only place to start is at the beginning . . .



I

Today's WFU coed owes much to World War II. 1941 Wake Forest men, knowing they had only a tenuous hold on their education, waited anxiously to be called up for military service. Meanwhile, money-minded trustees discussed means of filling the dwindling classes with paying students. And it came to pass that Wake Forest became officially co-educational, admitting 23 young ladies in the troubled fall of '41. (It should be noted that six of these ladies were married, and most of the rest were professor's daughters.)

In 1834, the year Wake Forest College was established, there was talk in the Southern Baptist Convention of establishing a female Seminary, a sort of counterpart to the male institution at Wake. It was decided, however that "their (the females) health would suffer under the strain if they were given the same studies as their brothers, and that it would spoil them for domesticity and rob them of their feminine charm."

G.E. Lineberry, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, commented, "So far as I know, the executive committee intends to set no precedent in regard to coeds. I personally believe that the number will not, so long as we have control, be allowed to become much higher than it is at present."

However, in 1943, females became a permanent fixture. Most of them lived at home; the few that didn't were sheltered in an old house about a mile from campus.

Men on campus appeared to be 'moderately' pleased by the female influx. A *STUDENT* poll in the spring of 1943 revealed that 50% of the senior men thought coeducation had been beneficial, and 84%

expressed hopes of opening the doors to freshmen and sophomore coeds within the next few years.

It wasn't long until females had taken over the editorial positions of *OLD GOLD*, *THE STUDENT*, and *THE HOWLER*, and had even overrun the Little Theatre. They threw curves into the class grading averages. One of these coeds remembers being somewhat 'resented' by the men, but feeling accepted for the most part.

Why all this history? Because *there was no 'type'* that fittingly described those first 23 young ladies, and those that followed them in the next few years. They are remembered as strikingly independent, bright, and individualistic.

Scarlett was simply not present on the Wake Forest campus of the 40's. She emerged gradually, if not silently, in the 50's when, with the end of the wars, women throughout the nation stopped working outside the home and turned to the family for fulfillment. WF coeds similarly left Pub Row and Student Government positions, and sweetly appeared for their suitors on the serande balcony midst the moonlight and the magnolias.

By 1960, the lady was thriving, becoming more of a reality than a myth. Scarlett O' Baptist was in her heyday. An admissions office had been established on the new campus and, with the resulting stiffened competition for admittance, formed a contributing factor in establishing the 'Wake Forest type' female. Old campus individuals, most of whom lived at home, were replaced by 200 carefully selected females living together in a dorm—a situation that tends to encourage stereotyping.

We can't really focus on the forces that heightened Scarlett's increasing influence, but we feel the need to point out that most students (male and female) began to acknowledge, even accept, her as the WF 'woman'.

In recent years, the Scarlett image has shown only few signs of decline. Certainly Scarlett is a safe, comfortable figure in which frightened young girls can place their identities. Scarletts, for all their brightness, are amazingly passive. Very little is expected of them, except maybe a decent QPR. They need not do anything.

The Scarlett myth has been crippling, for once outside WF, Scarlett is inevitably defeated. A look at the records of Wake's female graduates bears out the general submission to the toughness of the outside world.

ITEM: When WF 'celebrated' the 25th anniversary of coeds on campus, administrators searched in vain for a successful, outstanding woman graduate as the main speaker.

ITEM: Though WFU graduates great numbers of women with honors, very few of these women go on to earn their PhD's.

ITEM: The alumni magazine reveals that most WF female grads have become (in order of frequency) wives, mothers, school teachers, and airline stewardesses. Doctors, lawyers, any kind of professional women, are seldom found.

Wake Forest graduates some of the most successful men in the nation, men she can be proud of. What happens to those girls they once worked with on Pub Row and in Student Government, the ones who broke the class averages? What happens to all those females of equal (or greater) potential? Why do they lose their ambition? And whose fault is it? Their own? Their husband's? The college's? Or is that just the way the world is?



TO WOMEN

The ladies God bless 'em,
So long as they're quiet;
Our offspring they dress 'em
And tend to their diet.
They train our young daughters,
And tutor our heirs,
So what should they know
About Public Affairs?
The duck in her puddle,
The dove in her cote--
Should birdies like these
Be permitted to vote?

The ladies God bless 'em,
Our troubles they share 'em;
So lock them away
In parlor or harem.
We give them ideas,
We pay for their chains,
And what is more sweet
Than a wife without brains?
So here's to the angels
We foster with elegance,
Bless their sweet eyebrows
But d--- their intelligence.

anonymous

from *The Student*, 1913

III

The central question is whether or not things are changing. Is Scarlett, that perennial definition of what a female should be, losing her hold? True, some coeds are becoming less comfortable with the Scarlett image. Seminars, lectures, movies and discussion groups dealing with the female situation are becoming more frequent (though they are not well attended). Dean Lu Leake, a member of the present admissions committee, states that the women who are admitted (1 out of 12) are selected on the bases of vitality and independence as well as scholastics. It is a fact that more entering freshmen women have definite professional goals in mind than ever before and that they tend to choose a variety of majors (rather than only English and Education).

Scarlett and the tradition she represents underlie some troubling questions that coeds, men, and administrators are going to have to deal with. For

In 1899 a female institution was established in Raleigh - Meredith. The STUDENT urges our readers to compare some of their proscriptions to those of today:

"It is assumed that all who seek admission do so for the sake of studies and not for the sake of society.

"Blinds must be closed before lights are turned on in the evening.

"If you do not have enough to do to keep you busy, consult the President or Lady Principal. Satan still hath mischief for idle hand and brain.

"Any student found communicating by word or sign, beyond simple recognition, from any part of the buildings or grounds, or making clandestine engagements with any man will be publicly reprimanded, suspended or expelled.

"Students will not talk to young men on the campus, at the libraries, at drug stores, or on the street."

Shopping could only be done on Monday. One could attend a moving picture once a month, with a chaperone. Calling was allowed twice a month. Girls could dine with friends three times a semester provided they had a chaperone. Seniors were more fortunate. They could "walk and shop alone at any time of the day until 6:00 PM." They alone could visit dentists and oculists in groups of two without a chaperone. They could have one caller a week and could use the telephone.

THE STUDENT, 1941


example, why do excited freshman girls lose their ambition and turn into apathetic seniors? Why does WFU fail to actively challenge coeds to become more than pale versions of a passive and stagnating Scarlett? Why do females feel that it's 'all right' to use so little of their potential? When will the coed finally refuse to buy the myth and realize that she can achieve and that she can use her *whole personality*, as well as her intelligence, to do so? Ultimately, it is the individual coed who must answer these questions; she has much to overcome.

Being an ambitious woman with definite goals is no easy thing--women are in a double tension. They fear not only failure, but success as well. A woman's failure is understood as just that--a failure of the woman, with no redeeming circumstances. Success, on the other hand, is understood as a denial of "woman-ness". The coed needs help in dealing with this tension, and in realizing that the woman-versus-achiever dichotomy need not exist.

Administrators are recognizing that coeds need to be in contact with more professionally-oriented, successful women-- women who have *continued to be* active and vital and excited about their work. Wake is now inviting such stimulating women as faculty members-- 1972 will witness the first woman to join the Law School faculty, and '73, the arrival of Germaine Bree.

For too long, the emphasis of university policy has been protection. Wake Forest must provide something much more important-- active stimulation as well as opportunities for self-expression, stimulation that will help the coed *keep on* achieving after she has left the campus. Wake Forest must wake up to the fact that it is by fulfilling, not denying, potential that the coed can become a woman.





"... the rope with
which he
had tied
together
the two halves of his soul."

THROUGH

THE

VEIL

by Ann Schultz

I

The death of nineteen-year-old Peter Schleirmann was upsetting to the State. That anyone so young should die was a bad influence on the other youths, and the suicide only complicated the matter. So the State, which had already gone to great lengths to protect its youth against bad influences from the outside, was understandably unhappy to have such an upsetting event occur within its walls. It was a matter of course that an investigation was made into the death, and a level-headed young officer named Ni Durkschauer was chosen for the task. Officer Durkschauer, a dedicated servant of the State, decided that Peter, who had been brought up to be a good citizen, must have taken his life out of reason of insanity rather than in defiance of the State. He therefore set out in his investigation to prove it.

II

Peter Schleirmann had been a letter writer. He had written letters to his friends, relatives, acquaintances, even to people he had not known. Officer Durkschauer had read many of the letters and found them similar in content to the one he was presently studying.

Comrade!

In response to your recent letter, I must admit myself compelled to give you my opinions on the proper course of our actions, although I confess myself to be alarmed that I did not make my views sufficiently clear to you earlier. However, if you will bear with me, I will try to speak directly to the question.

There is no Doubt in my mind that we must derive the meaning of our lives from the State. There Can Be, indeed there Will Not be any other source of reference or relationship outside of the State. The individual cannot be allowed to survive in opposition to the State, for to do so is to oppose the Good of the State; to oppose the State is then to oppose and do evil to the people of the State. Anyone who allows himself to believe in any good outside of the State deceives himself. And any man who finds himself in opposition to the State and, who after careful consideration and guided reason cannot realize the folly of his warp, cannot continue to exist within the framework of the State.

There was nothing in particular to distinguish this letter from the others Peter had written, except that the date (some three weeks earlier) indicated that it was one of his last. There was no clue to why it had not been addressed and mailed, leading Officer Durkschauer to assume that it was unfinished. It was, though, a fairly accurate and concise statement of Peter's beliefs. He had been a loyal follower of the State, a zealot in terms of the ardor with which he had promoted his cause. He had never really excelled in any other facet of his life, and all who knew him agreed that his fervor in support of his ideal more than compensated for his lack of talent. For this reason, he had been under consideration for membership in the Party, an honor which Peter had considered the greatest possible challenge to his commitment.

Officer Durkschauer kept track of all these facts, recording them on cards as they came to light. As he sat in his office studying them in hopes that some orderly pattern could be found, he had a strong suspicion that one of the aces was missing. Everything about Peter Schleirmann looked simple and straightforward. He had been born and raised in the city. He had been an average student in school. He had been deferred from military service because of asthma. He had worked in a local factory. He had committed suicide.

III

For all his letter writing (or because of it), Peter did not have many friends among fellow workers, and few of them claimed to have known him well. Although he had not missed a day's work until his death (it had been his unexplained absence from work that led to the discovery of his body), he had had only one friend in the factory. There had been about him an aloofness of sorts, verging at times upon disgust for those around him. He had attacked his work fervently and silently, as if fighting a reckless battle against the machines.

This strange fervor on his part had instilled in other people a sense of dread towards him. It developed into a fanaticism not sharable with others, and isolated him from all who did not, in his opinion, demonstrate the proper sense of commitment. His fellow workers had all received letters from Peter, admonishing them to repent their ways and become true followers of the State. They had also witnessed

several of the tirades into which Peter plunged whenever some sign of weakness was displayed in his presence. He had apparently not been upset that they did not seek to know him better.

IV

One might say that the rejection had been generated by Peter rather than by the others. This fact was supported by the testimony of his only friend, John Kindel, who had produced more letters from the dead man as well as some information concerning the nature of his private life. Officer Durkschauer had listened patiently and accepted the additional letters before retreating to his office to examine the new evidence.

It was not the information that interested him as much as it was the informer. John Kindel, younger than Peter, bore the sole distinguishing characteristic of a slightly less than normal mentality. He was one of those individuals who toppled on the brink of intelligence but whose dull, only half understanding outlook rendered him blissfully ignorant of any danger. John Kindel would have been the last person to recognize insanity in himself, yet he had been drawn to it in Peter Schleirmann. That this man had been Peter's best friend was really not a strange coincidence. People like John, who recognize only the basics in others, are easily drawn to the demonic magnitude exhibited by a fanatic, and Officer Durkschauer could see in Peter that twisted impulse that pushes ordinary fervor over the brink. In his strange manner he had rejected his fellow workers, referring to them as utter weaklings, unwilling, (and even worse) unable to meet the challenge of the State and thereby condemned to hide from it in shame. He had rejected them, allowing in their place this half complete man to be his friend and disciple.

The more thought he gave to the case, the more alive Peter Schleirmann appeared in his mind, both horrifying and fascinating the young officer. That Peter had been insane was increasingly believable, yet the fact of insanity was not sufficient to answer the questions plaguing Officer Durkschauer. That the man had been running was clear, and his goal had been obvious to everyone. He had never tried to hide it, had instead chosen to shout it from the rooftops. But to run towards something is also to run away from something, something that Officer Durkschauer had to identify.

During his short but average life Peter experienced most of the things expected of young men. Although his poor health restricted his activities and resulted in a genuine lack of friends, he had a girlfriend, Maria Schmidtwhom Officer Durkschauer visited as part of his investigation. She testified that the relationship with Peter was a rather stormy one, mostly because of his fanaticism. They had argued several weeks earlier and had not seen each other afterwards. The occasion of their argument was Peter's testimony against a fellow worker who constantly failed to complete his assigned tasks. He had plunged into one of his well known tirades about the individual's responsibilities to the State, and had denounced her as an unworthy weakling when she attempted to defend the accused man by noting that he suffered poor health. Peter had cited himself as an example of a loyal citizen who despite physical weakness gave his spiritual all for the State, working himself into such a frenzy of rage that his breathing became difficult, and he was forced to leave.

Officer Durkschauer listened to her account of the incident, then asked her about letters, and was surprised that Peter never sent her any. The girl could give no explanation for her omission from his mailing list. His relationship with her had not been the same as with others. He came to her in one of two moods. Often he was lighthearted and jovial and pursued with her activities normal for young couples. But at other times he was strange, in an angry frame of mind. He had told her, had shouted at her his disgust for the weaklings who fell prey to the lure of false ideals, who did not see the supreme right of the State. He frightened her. He paced the room like a frightened, caged animal, shouting at himself, as though he did not see her. He thrust her off, tossed her aside as if he saw something horribly ugly in her. She had not understood and then forgot about it. He seemed to take her lack of comprehension as a threat, as a challenge to his own sincerity. They had often parted as enemies, getting back together only after Peter had sulked for a few days. She grew to fear him as the scenes became more common, finally hoping that he would stay away. It had not upset her when he stayed away for weeks, and she expressed shock, but not surprise, at his death.



To Officer Durkschauer it seemed a logical part of Peter, yet the final part of the mystery remained unfound. It was possible that Peter had taken with him the secret of his torment, but the Officer was not convinced. He wondered if the last letter had been intended for Maria; it was dated at the time of their last argument. He took the letter from his pocket. "In response to your recent letter . . ." It occurred to him that he should know to whom the letter had been written. But no one had claimed any correspondence with Peter, and no other letters had been found in his desk.

VI

The room where Peter Schleirmann had lived and died had been left much as it was when his body was discovered. Officer Durkschauer surveyed the room with little emotion. Aside from the rope dangling from the light fixture it was no different than that of many other young, unmarried factory workers. It had a cluttered look, as all the odds and ends and furniture was pushed toward the walls to allow for open area in the center of the room. Neighbors had testified that Peter paced this space for hours, his heavy footfalls beating fast and furiously upon the floor, unnerving those below. He could see him,

**"... to run towards something
is also to run away
from something..."**

'prowling', as Maria put it, twisting around in his tormented mind, spewing forth a tirade to the deaf walls, until his breath failed and he had been forced to stop. The letter in the Officer's pocket had been found on the desk in the dusty piles of books. He looked at the books, glancing at the titles. Those on the top were mostly pamphlets—partly documents and speeches. He thumbed through one, looking idly at the notes Peter had scribbled into the margins. The other books were classics. They had been much read in his youth, but Maria testified that they had remained unopened for some time. He picked up a volume and opened it. The margins were blotted with ink, as though the notes and thoughts behind them had been exterminated.

It was stifling in the room. Officer Durkschauer was aware of his growing annoyance at not finding the key he sought, and the stuffy, dusty room did not help him. He put the book down and went to the window. He opened it and leaned out, sucking in the cool, dry air, looking out at the street just as Peter had. When he glanced down, he saw the letters strewn on the roof of the porch below. He lowered

himself gently out the window and collected them, then returned to sit at the desk and examine them. There were some twenty of them, all in envelopes addressed to Peter Schleirmann, and all bearing Peter's handwriting. He looked at them for a minute, wondering how they could have been overlooked. He picked out the most recent one, postmarked only a month before.

Comerade!

Your recent letter has caused me much pain. You know, as I have told you often, that an individual who endeavors to or even considers living outside the State is a deluded and foolish person. Can I possibly make it clearer? One cannot know anything except the State as truth. To fail to see the all powerful, all right meaning of the State is impossible. The State cannot survive if its members are not loyal to it. May you who refuse to accept this beware! Only the weak and ignorant would question this. There can be no reality except the State. You who will not believe are doomed. You must be brought to submission. You must be blinded by the truth of the State. To live in anything less than complete belief is to live in Hell. They who would believe otherwise are the weak and the damned. You must fight to lift the State to its rightful glory! You must dispell all doubts. You must make yourself pure. This must be your duty. You can accept no other!

Officer Durkschauer sat for a moment, staring at the frenzied words which Peter Schleirmann had spewed onto the paper. He shuddered and looked up at the rope with which Peter had tied together the two halves of his soul. Then he took from his pocket the card on which he had typed

**Peter Schleirmann, aged 19
Killed by hanging**

beneath it he wrote

by reason of insanity.

RAY PROHASKA: DESIGN AND THE MAN

by Jan Borneman
Ray Prohaska, *A Basic Course In Design*, Fletcher
Art Services, Inc., Westport, Conn., 1971. \$17.95

From two until five every Monday through Friday afternoon, strange rituals are performed in a small and cluttered cubicle on the sixth level of the Z. Smith Reynolds Library. Unknown to the majority of the student and faculty population, this room serves as a harbor where for several years (since Fall 1969) inspired souls have taken refuge from the artistic vacuity which has sucked the motivation and material for creativity from the mainstream of university life.

Yes, Wake Forest, there is an art studio! And if you were to inquire about it, it is the first to step forward and tell you all would be a robust, outdoors-in-my-blood gentleman (inside is a down stuffed panda bear) with the qualifications of one of the finest contemporary artists in the United States. As Artist In Residence at Wake Forest University, Ray Prohaska has done more to encourage the proliferation of art, both its interest and production, than has been attempted for some time and has, by dint of his own personality and infatuation with life, brought a needed sparkle to the school and the community of Winston-Salem.

To those who know him Ray Prohaska's physical and psychic presence, is an overwhelmingly powerful and vibrant reality, but too many on this campus do not recognize his work here or appreciate his role in promoting the fine arts. Neither is everyone aware (and everyone should be) that Ray Prohaska has recently published one of the finest books available on basic design techniques. *A Basic Course In Design*, has superbly fulfilled his intentions of "... presenting to the beginner in art a carefully planned crash course, designed to arouse interest in seeing and feeling on the practicing artist's level..." In addition, Prohaska has achieved a masterful rapport as artist and teacher with the student reader. To experience Mr. Prohaska's text is to experience the fullness of his personality, for he explicates literally as he instructs, encourages, criticizes and relates verbally. The effect is uniquely rich and personal. By virtue of fifty productive years of involvement in the art world, Mr. Prohaska has forseen the problems encountered by beginning artists and has developed

his instructional material in an anticipated response. The result is a direct and insightful transposition from the primordial journeys of novice creation to a well ordered method of personalized expression. Not only is this text of value to art initiates, but also advanced and established artists are able to benefit by a review and re-evaluation of their grasp of basic design techniques. Anyone who has participated in his studio course can attest that a healthy appreciation of and an ability to manipulate the fundamentals of design is emphasized by Mr. Prohaska, and with good reason. Looking back across three years under his guidance and supervision, it is easy to see that these tenets which he so avidly promulgates are the basis of all subsequent endeavors and constitute the foundation which provides a needed feeling of solidity and confidence.

The book (and it is an impressive 12" x 13" volume, generously endowed with color plates) shows its purpose and content through its title. Rudimentaries ranging from the understanding and construction of geometric forms to the extension of these concepts into figure drawing and composition are approached through a variety of media, including charcoal, pastel, pen and ink drawing, watercolor, oil, and acrylic painting. Mr. Prohaska is well acquainted with all of these media, the best proof being the excellence of his own craftsmanship. For example, hanging in the lobby of Reynolda Hall (on the left as one enters from the plaza) is, "The Fisherman," one of his most striking and effective canvases. Its success is partially due to painting that proudly echoes the soul of the artist, for Ray Prohaska is most at home with wind, sails, and the sea. An avid fisherman, he is filled with the rushing pulse of the sea, and is blessed with the ability to channel the flood of colors and sounds into a visual media. He becomes at once master not only of the eye, but the entire spectrum of sensual pleasure. For the student, his work can serve as exemplary instructional material and as outstanding proof of what sincerity in art means.

Included on the primer is a special fourteen page section devoted to what Mr. Prohaska considers a neglected medium, the Monotype. This section, unique in its comprehensiveness, could be considered one of the finest in the text in layout and illustrative presentation of material. In his basic course of design at Wake Forest, students are exposed to all three methods of monoprnt production explained in his book, and during these classes it is hard to find any wall, floor, or desk space not occupied by scores of drying prints. Prohaska himself is a master with the

technique and one of his finest examples is a print portraying two men engaged in a judo match. A former participant in the sport, Mr. Prohaska again reveals the advantage and importance of personalization through one's work, a theme stressed throughout his publication.

Accompanying each procedural exploration in *A Basic Course In Design* are guides indicating the most suitable materials for each process and when expedient, where the supplies may be readily obtained. Also included in a step by step lesson on canvas stretching, knowledge which is basic to a practical artistic vocabulary but frequently excluded in books of design. Again, basic is the key word.

On the primary level of sound instructional tactics, Mr. Prohaska has achieved success. However, *A Basic*



Course In Design, extends its scope beyond the solidness of specifics into the vital expanse of personal abstraction and empathetic involvement. Here is where the artist and the art unite, where the inanimate vicariously acquires the personality and presence of the artist, and where one can really benefit from Ray Prohaska's methods. He writes of how he projects his personality through a penstroke or the dust of a pastel stick.

Art, stresses the author, consists of personal statements executed with respect for the basic elements of design. Even his inclusion of denotative terms, which provide a substantive base from which to expand, is tempered by Prohaska and personalized in order to present them to the student in a manner ripe for intuitive interpretation. This is evidenced by the display of highly individualized works done by some of his students in past years at Washington and Lee University in Virginia where he was Artist In

Residence and Instructor in Fine Arts from 1964 to 1969. One of the most imaginative of these productions is the interpretation which transforms an ordinary typewriter from a static conglomerant of keys and rollers into a visual delight of color and fantasy.

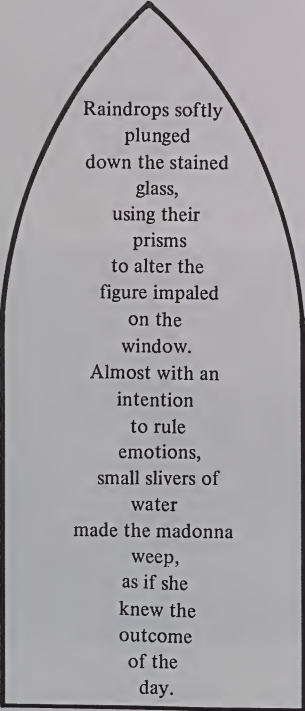
Analogous to the respect which Mr. Prohaska maintains toward personalization is a devout appreciation of natural, organic configurations. From the striking austerity of a water polished stone to the random twists of driftwood, each modulation and contour represents the ultimate in form and design. Ray Prohaska recognizes the incipient and most gifted craftsman, and strives for an organic approach to the constituents of design. Models utilized in his studio course include variegated collections of pebbles and rocks, ominous bits of sun-bleached bones and skulls, and a special friend named Gertrude (a bony lass who hangs patiently in a metal cabinet, refugee from some plastic cadaver). Human models are employed further along in the course, but only after the prerequisites of basic construction are understood. Ray Prohaska practices what he preaches and his book lives (and lives well) in his classroom.

A third plane of the text affords the reader a broad spectrum of work which, when considered with the accompanying critique, can be employed as correlative links to the narrative or which can simply be appreciated for their inherent aesthetic merit. Mr. Prohaska and Howard Munce, the designer of this well proportioned text, have presented an ingenious juxtaposition of illustrative material from the canvases of old and new masters, the paintings and drawings by Prohaska, and manifestations of student creativity. The well conceived arrangement of the selections shows the progression of a carefully balanced instructional scheme, and the effect forms a provocative exercise for the reader's artistic development.

This publication, dedicated by the author to his family (Carolyn, Elena, and Toni, who share in his enthusiasm and each of whom displays his or her own share of talent) is to be commended for its purpose, presentation, and realization. Wake Forest should be proud of the work he has given in order to share his knowledge and talent. As Ray Prohaska would say of the initial dabbings of color, "This is a happy beginning," and so it is for the student of art. *A Basic Course In Design* is a happy beginning from a man who believes that art can be a happy experience and goes so far as to make it one.

QUIET REFLECTIONS ON A RAINY NIGHT

by Tom Perry

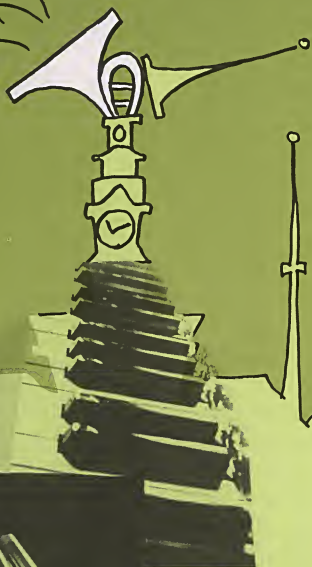


Raindrops softly
plunged
down the stained
glass,
using their
prisms
to alter the
figure impaled
on the
window.
Almost with an
intention
to rule
emotions,
small slivers of
water
made the madonna
weep,
as if she
knew the
outcome
of the
day.



K.A. DRAWINGS-PAINTINGS
PRINTED BY MARCH & P. 1904-1905
1000 1000 1000 1000

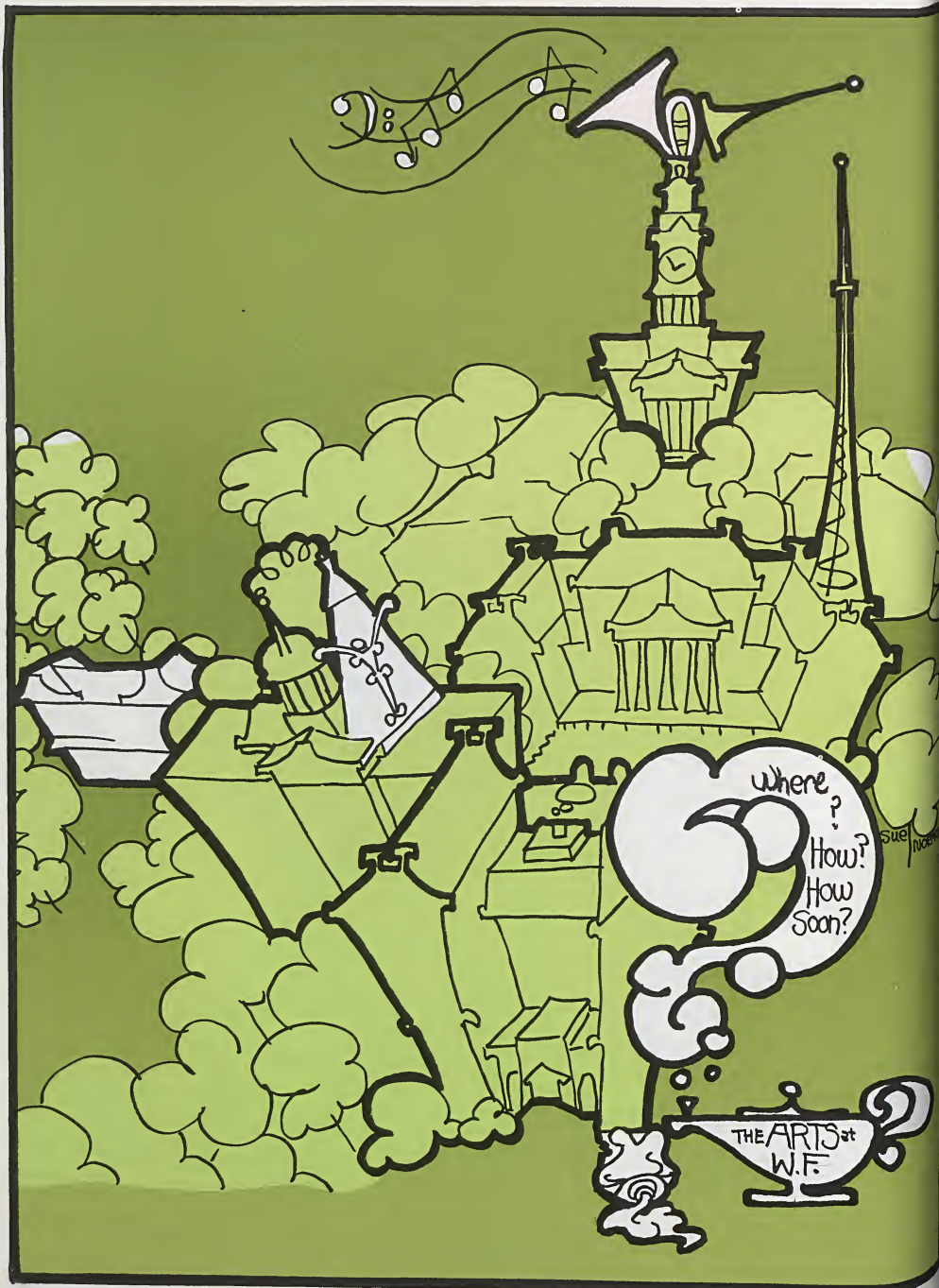




MUSIC

NORTH







Black Is An Art

Black is more than a color
than a condition of the skin
Black is like cutting a diamond
like creating images from clay
like capturing nature on canvas
It's an art

To keep negritude
when the WASP
is constantly stinging
and trying to assimilate

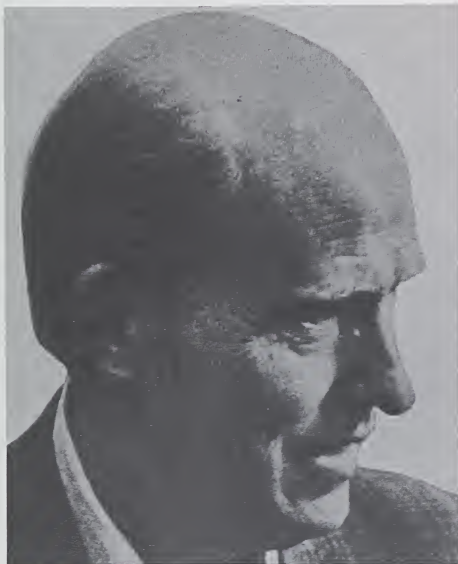
To be the Boy
and still have
the Man
scared of you.

It's an art to be
bad luck and fearful
voodoo and mournful
and still carry your head high and proud.

by Zonnie

A. R. AMMONS

By Tom Gossett



A.R. Ammons—a Wake Forest graduate of 1949 and now a teacher of creative writing at Cornell University—is an American poet who for the past two or three years has been moving swiftly from a relatively obscure position to one which places him among the most important of contemporary writers in this country. John Hollander has said of him that he “has begun to fashion a major American poetry.” Peter Davison says that Ammons has “that rare combination of modesty and confidence that makes poetry possible, and as a result his language is fully exercised and brings every muscle into play as it moves around in space and time”. A couple of years ago, Harold Bloom—a well-known critic who has written books on Blake, Shelley, and Yeats—went all out and declared that Ammons is “now much the best poet we have, although still so little read and known.” A comment such as this must have come as a shock to many people who probably had literally never heard of Ammons, but this handicap seems to be disappearing. His reputation as a poet is now rapidly growing.

If we look at any of his seven volumes of published poetry, our first impression is that Ammons is a nature poet. He is, however, unlike most of our nature poets in that he wholly avoids anthropomorphizing nature. His birds remain birds, his dogs remain dogs. Walt Whitman's hermit thrushes and mockingbirds are frequently seen as human beings in disguise. They have “bleeding throats” and they mourn the loss of their mates with songs that suggest the rhapsodies of romantic love. Robert Frost, to come nearer the present, also frequently had an animal or bird or even an insect appear in a poem as at least something approaching the guise of a human being. The creatures about whom Ammons writes are perceived only as what they are.

Probably Ammons' attitude toward nature has been influenced by the fact that while at Wake Forest College on the old campus he was a major in General Science with a heavy emphasis upon courses in biology. Though he deals with nature principally as a poet, he never wholly forgets that he is the close observer and the careful discriminator in a way similar to that of a scientist. His poems suggest a man who is indeed a poet but one who has given a good deal of thought to the goals and language of science:

The hollybush flowers
small whites (become of
course berries)
four tiny petals
turned
back and four
anthers stuck out:
the pistils low &
honey-high:
wasp-bees (those small
wasps or
bees) come around
with a glee too
fine to hear: when
the wind dies
at dusk, silence,
unaffronted,
puts a robe
slightly thinner
than sight over
all the flowers
so darkness &
the terrible stars
will not hurt them.

In this poem, the closest that Ammons comes to anthropomorphism is his implication that the wasps or bees feel “glee” in looking for the pollen of the

flowers, but glee is not necessarily an exclusively human reaction. At least, it is not suspect in the sense that the "bleeding throat" of a mockingbird mourning its mate is.

In addition to being non-anthropomorphic, the nature that Ammons writes about is not the nature of "beautiful" sights and sounds. His creatures are frequently creatures in extremity, hacking out their existence as best they can:

I saw the jay
before breakfast:
 he looked a little
 grimy, gray,
like old blue snow:
 has had rough times lately:
rough times is ordinary,
 will not make
 the news:

Or just as often he writes about creatures who don't survive at all:

yesterday at the refuge, I
saw a fingerling,
 crosswise
in a rising gull's beak,
shiver at both ends:

Sometimes the world of organic nature is apparently not austere enough for Ammons. It is difficult to think of any other poet, present or past, for whom geological processes are as important. "If anything will level with you," he says in one poem, "water will." Perhaps he likes to write poems about inorganic nature because more than organic life, it represents the kind of exactness and austerity which appeals to him. He describes the kind of poetry he hopes to write:

after this,
this long poem, I hope I
can do short rich hard
 lyrics: lines
 that can incubate
slowly
then fall into
symmetrical tangles:
lines that can be
gone over (and over)
till they sing with
pre-established rightness.

The kind of poem which frequently fulfills this purpose is sometimes a poem about stones being weathered by wind or water or about rock slides or other geological phenomena:

After the event the rockslide
realized,
in a still diversity of completion,
grain and fissure,
declivity
&
force of upheaval,
whether rain slippage,
ice crawl, root
explosion or
stream erosive undercut:

We may wonder whether Ammons' poetry reflects nature in any sense that can be recognized as characteristic, specifically of North Carolina. If it does, it is probably the spare flat fields of eastern North Carolina or the seashore poems which suggest Ammons' early life in this state. He was born and grew up on a farm near Whiteville, North Carolina—a village about fifty miles west of Wilmington and near the South Carolina border. His poetic memories suggest the pleasures (and anxieties about money) of the farmer. One of his poems concerns the family mule which was repossessed by a loan company, but his memories of North Carolina are chiefly pleasant, if sometimes a little rueful:

when I was a boy:
or a bit more:
used to get the
 Christmas tree: lived
way out in the country
down in Carolina
in a time
& place
that seem so long ago,
everything different
now & sort of loused up.

When Ammons turns to subjects other than nature in his poems, something startling happens. He frequently shifts to an explosive mood of zany comedy. With ironic laughter he describes his frustrations as lover, husband, father, family handyman.

As lover, he can write a tender poem about the beauty of the woman he loves and suddenly shift into a different mood:

Come on, now, f'god's
sake, what'yre you saving
it for?

It cannot be charged against him that love for him is a vague abstraction:

get, too: get it
from me: I have it
and having
it for you, I get mine: *

who are you, deeper?
have I sounded you? was
that
bottom I struck?

As family handyman, he can describe the struggles he has with machinery:

anybody doesn't believe in
reality should
try to start a dead car
on a 10-degree
morning:

Or he can mention in a poem about domestic life "the high whirl of the garbage disposer."

In some strange way, this sudden shift into thoroughly human concerns and ironic laughter makes us respect all the more the austerity of Ammons' more usual approach to poetry. He sets a high standard for himself and his tries to tell us what it is:



ARCHIE R. AMMONS

Chadbourn

B.S.

Biology

Cum Laude

Archie Ammons, 45, married, with one young son, teaches English at Cornell. He's a big, quiet man, with a fringe of red hair around a strong head. He was brought up on a North Carolina farm, and the weather remains in his face. There are times, among the noisy ironies and righteousnesses of social academic gatherings, that Ammons seems like a captured animal, out of place, balanced between fear and curiosity. The two books reviewed here are his seventh and eighth. As the eight were published, his reputation grew from nonexistence — the first in 1955 went unreviewed — to one of the most prominent in American poetry. He is perhaps the only contemporary poet to have escaped the damaging assaults of jealousy and logrolling. The reasons for this come clear watching how his colleagues at Cornell treat him — gently, quizzically, even sacredly — sensing that, like some wise, extra-human creature, he can see things they can't.

don't establish the
boundaries
first
the squares, triangles,
boxes
of preconceived
possibility,
and then
pour
life into them, trimming
off left-over edges,
ending potential:
let centers
proliferate
from
self-justifying motions:

the box can't bend
without breaking:
but the center-arising
from
adapts, tests the
peripheries, draws in,
finds a new factor,
utilizes a new method,
gains a new foothold,
responds to inner & outer
change.

When he was a student at Wake Forest, Ammons had the reputation of being a bit shy. On the other hand, even though he graduated nearly twenty-three years ago, some of the professors still on the staff—Elton C. Cocke, D.A. Brown, and Edwin G. Wilson—remember him. Montaigne once said that sometimes we expect to read a book and find instead a man. When we read A.R. Ammons we find someone who is equally a poet and a man.

This is your page.

The Student Magazine is conducting an experiment based on the work of Kenneth Koch, a poet and teacher of creative writing at Columbia University. Koch worked with a poetry writing workshop for grade school children of New York City, and developed methods that won him recognition from writers and educators all over the United States.

The method was simple. He gave formulas for writing poems that allowed each person to use his imagination. Koch visited Wake Forest recently, and had much success in using the same techniques with writers here.

So. You are about to become a published poet. Here are the rules for the poem this campus will write about itself:

- 1) Write one line of poetry, just one.
- 2) Make it no longer than 25 or so words.
- 3) In your line, include these elements:
 - A) A location or event or condition associated with the campus.
 - B. A color.
 - C. A sound or noise.

Begin your line with one of these phrases:

- 1) I'll never forget (the time, the prof, the game, etc.), 2) It's good to know that..., 3) I hope no one finds out..., 4) I hope they change..., 5) No one will believe..., 6) People think..., but really..., 7) I'm glad that..., 8) It makes me sick..., 9) If I had my way..., 10) When I graduate..., 11) I used to...but now..., 12) If I were Tribble Hall,...(Pres. Scales, A trustee)..., 13) One of the saddest..., 14) Whatever happened..., 15) I wish...

Choose any one of these as the first part of your line and write. Write several if you want to, and choose the one you like best. Sign your name and put it in the box marked for collection in your dorm. We'll publish your line and name in the next issue of The Student, as long as the line isn't grossly obscene or derogatory toward someone.

What we hope to have is a collaboration poem from as many people on campus as possible, anywhere from a few hundred to several thousand lines long. We'll also need a title, so submit suggests along with your line.

Here are some examples to help get you started:

"I'll never forget the day the green meat in the cafeteria spoke up.
I wish I could hear a happy blue guitar singing on the quad.
No one will believe how our pink worms squeal when you step on them in the rain.
I wish for nights when you and I can watch the hot hiss steam leap
from Tribble Hall.

If I had my way, someone would cure red Tribble's rheumatic sneeze.
I wish someone would move the dark brown gurgling goo a freshman's cat left
in Babcock Dorm.

YOUR NAME _____
(MAY USE SEPARATE SHEET FOR POEM AND NAME)

WRITE HERE:

COOL-FIRE

REMEMBRANCES

Norman climbed to the top of the dune and surveyed his once proud estate. The stretch of sand, the sea, the breeze, the soaring birds, had all been his castle, his sanctuary. He used to talk to the sand pebbles, scoffing at their tiny inconsequence and admiring their devotion to the brilliant, hot sun which, day in, day out, echoed their claim to the shore. His wife couldn't understand why he came so far just to lie around on the beach and throw crumbs and then slices of wheat bread to the soaring, ranting gulls. Occasionally one would land and waddle near the half-empty bag of crumbs, but Norman wouldn't try to catch it. He'd close his eyes and speak to the sky, damning it for clouds or blueness or anything that happened to be wrong with it that day.

Norman pulled a can of beer from the cooler, making a big show to the gulls of one-handing it. Practice, practice and dedication, he mumbled to the birds, and dozed off to sleep, hoping full well that something big— the sky, a wave, even a gull—would swoop down and carry him away to anywhere, he did not care. But he woke up, as always, to a chilly sea evening, walked back to the old Volkswagen and went home.

I

As he drove around the twisting curves of the old road that paralleled the lake, Norman watched a proud, solitary swan dip and bob in the silver water. The misty light of early evening threw a haze over the trees and the water, and muted the colors of the clothes of the children who ran to the edge of the road to watch Norman's car go by. The old automobile swept around the last curve and pulled into the driveway, and with it Norman felt an overwhelming awareness of past experience, a *deja vu* sensation which forced him to adjust his thinking and his glasses. It had been almost nine months since he left for school, nine months of senselessness and anxiety which gave him no apparent reason for either thinking or caring. An endless flow of conscious gestures and hidden feelings.

His mother called to him from the kitchen.

"Hello, stranger, you're late."

"Hello, Mother."

"I've had your dinner on for an hour; it's probably all dried out now. Your father is at a Supervisor's Meeting, won't be home 'til late. We got your last letter—everything okay?"

"Fine, Mom. How's my cat?"

"Fine. She got sick from eating a lizard and we had to take her to the vet's, but she's fine. Still crazy as ever. I would have written more, but we got no word about money or anything. Just assumed you were okay."

"I'm fine. Bought some new records."

He went through the wide kitchen and into his old bedroom, where the familiar smells of times past momentarily numbed his senses. Then he made some phone calls.

He went over to Claire's that night and found many of his friends of earlier years, lying around listening to music. A great laughter arose from one corner of the room, the stiff kind of forced gaiety that he knew so well. He found Sarah lounging in an armchair with her everpresent cigarette.

"Norman! Hi, Norman! When'd you get back? God, we were just talking about you, reliving old times and all that crap. Johnson was telling us about your early morning bout with alcohol at the beach two years ago, I guess that'd be our junior year. Even then you could put it down! How was school?"

"School was fine, Sarah. How 'bout you?"

"Just a pile of nothin'. you know. Most of my courses were pretty worthless. How come I never saw you, huh? Jesus, what's a female got to do to see her old friends?"

"I'm sorry, Sarah. I couldn't get down, that's all. You start getting involved in things around you and you don't even have time to relax, much less to visit your friends. I'm sorry."

Norman felt uneasy about Sarah and about being there; he sensed a difference, a change, in the others and in himself. He lit a cigarette, went over to where some acquaintances were passing bottles of wine, and entered into the circle and the conversation. But the endless chatter and laughter soon became a far away, monotone drone, and he fell asleep.

When he woke up, most of the people had either gone home or gotten sick on the rug, so he left.

II

"Norman Caruthers!"

It was his father, speaking in that tone of voice that never failed to get him on edge. But at the moment, he could only register a great deal of pain and anguish. He was very, very drunk, and the floating sensation had come crashing down some time ago. Eversince the ninth grade, Norman had wanted a varsity jacket. He had worked hard in junior varsity basketball and in varsity track, withstanding the repulsive smells of dirty socks and sweaty shirts and the continual abuse of the obnoxious, hairy football players who waited in the showers every day after practice to swat at him with heavy, wet towels. He had gotten his jacket.

And now he had slipped and fallen in the wind-whipped snow, ripping his newly-acquired jacket at the arm and then throwing up all over himself. The colors of that stenching liquid, reflected by the porch light as it beamed away at the snowy night, threw him out of any real world he might have

manufactured in his state. The reddened, crisp powder of vomit on snow sent him off into a world of tortures, mental houses filled with screaming, delirious people, devilish nurses with big, omnipotent breasts. He passed out.

All weekend he tried to say something to his parents, tried to move them into understanding with compassionate admission, straightforward apology, or even tears. But neither the words nor the tears would come. It was all a joke, he wanted to say, just a stupid, childish joke. I bet the Varsity Club members a quart of gin that I would take this ugly girl to the sophomore prom, and I went to collect the bet. God, I didn't think they'd make me drink it all, right there on the spot. I see my mistake, can't you understand? Tell me I did wrong, I admit it. Christ, say something.

But they didn't and they wouldn't. Not so much out of shame as out of fatigue, they let themselves be jolted out of reason, away from the parental wisdom that comes, if from nowhere else, then from age. Now there was no stopping their shame or their consequent silence.

Several nights later, before the house began its ritual of heater and toilet noises that signaled the end of the day, Norman's mother knocked softly at his door and padded in, in nightgown and facial creme. She hesitated before the quiet, hunched figure shadowed on the wall by the tiny desk lamp that lit the room, and then crossed to his chair.



"Norman, your father and I have thought this whole thing over, and we think it only fair that you quit the Varsity Club and give back your jacket. There are plenty of decent young people for you to have as friends without your having to drink and smoke and carry on the way you do. You've changed so much, Norman, you really were so kind and considerate of other peoples' feelings, including ours. But now, now you just don't seem to care. Norman, are you listening? You'd better understand that we're serious, young man. No dates or weekends out for the next month, do you hear?"

The voice, seemingly so distant, coming from a hidden speaker in the wall, stopped. Norman's mother slowly made her way out of the room, saying something about not staying up too late as she left. But he had blotted her out long ago, removed her presence from his deeper thoughts, and kept on reading while she spoke.

III

The tall, thin-set boy with dangling limbs picked up his books and walked out of the gym, hurrying to get to his locker before the bell would trap him in the congested hall. He was big, bigger than most, and anyone looking at him could immediately detect the awkward and out-of-place feelings that he must have carried inside him. Anyone who knew him knew, too, that this embarrassment carried over into his classes, and he rarely said much of anything to anybody except his few close friends.

Louis was his closest companion, and the final bell found him beside the lanky boy as they crossed the street near school. Louis, jumpy and high-strung and slinging a rabbit's foot from his finger, stopped and turned to his friend.

"Everything has been set up, she'll be waiting for you at Turner's Drugs at three-thirty. Do you remember what I told you?"

"I remember."

"Gees, Norman, you're not gonna forget it now, are ya? This is a cinch. Ya wanna do it, don't you? So don't chicken out now, for heaven's sake."

Louis handed Norman a small rectangular package, seemingly careful not to let too many people notice. Then he ran off to catch his ride home.

Norman lay down under a gaping hickory tree, collecting his thoughts and looking at his watch. It was twenty after three. He'd know about girls for several years now, ever since the sixth grade; yet today would be his first time with someone like Penny Foxworth. She was one of a few eighth grade

girls he knew or had heard of who would go down for a boy, who was actually a "bad girl", as his buddies liked to say. Norman amused himself a bit by letting the slight breeze play with his hair. He tried to forget himself in the warmth of the day.

At three twenty-six he got up and made the short walk to the drug store, a run-down brick facade which stood, or rather leaned on the main corner in town. Going inside to the dim-lit, wooden-floored interior, he recognized Penny sitting at one of the counter stools. As he approached, she turned and smiled and asked if he'd care to walk her home. (Louis had already set it up with her; Norman knew that he was to walk her home by way of the old quarry.) They walked out into the scorching heat and moved quickly down Main Street.

They wandered silently away from the main part of town, across the open fields of dry, tanned weeds and brush and marsh grass. Norman thought of things to say, but he knew they would come out sounding small and dumb, so he said nothing. She seemed content to keep walking, so he did too.

One time Norman looked directly at Penny, and he was at once struck by the strangely pale quality of her face. Her whole body seemed soft and tender and warm and beautiful, not at all like he had expected it to be. He couldn't imagine her doing the things they said she did.





He was wrapped up in his own thoughts when she stopped and turned to him.

"This is the quarry. Where shall we go?"

"I, I thought you would know." Norman was becoming increasingly self-conscious.

"There's a nice little flat spot of grass down below those rocks. We could go there if you want." The girl looked at Norman for the first time, looking directly at his eyes with hers. "Are you afraid or something?"

Norman turned away for a split second, then took her hand and led her down into the grey stones, away from the light of the afternoon sun.

IV

Beneath the concrete stone bridge which led the old country road over the winding creek, two small boys were fishing in narrow, swift-running stream. The rushing water fell over dead logs and stones, moving lazily on its way to the tall green wood which stood across the adjoining fields. The boys both seemed sleepy and lost in private thoughts, as though the relaxing feeling of a summer afternoon lulled them as it lulled the nature around them.

The taller boy awoke from his tranquil mood when the tip of his rod jumped, then dipped into the water. His hollering quickly brought his friend back into the present.

"That looks like a big one! Does it feel big?"

"Yea, it feels big. D'you see my line move!"

"Too big to be a crayfish, huh?"

"If it is, it's got to be the biggest crayfish I've ever seen. I think it's a fish, though."

The short boy sat back, ignoring his line and instead watching his friend first reel in the catch, then let it out again. Billy always wondered how Norman got so good at fishing. Norman could bring in some big ones every now and then. As for Billy, he contented himself now to lie in waiting, hoping that it wouldn't be too big.

"Is he tiring yet, Norman?" Billy called instructions and offered vocal help to his best friend, the friend whom he had known since the first grade. While he spoke, he couldn't help remembering the time, back in Mrs. Bracey's second grade class, when he had spilled ink on the floor and blamed it on Norman. He'd felt really bad until the next day; when he and Norman had had their first and only fight on the playground. Norman had cut Billy's lip open and pushed him down on the ground, then walked away.

Norman slowly brought in his reel, taking care to avoid breaking the line. The first glimpses of a big, silvery fish could now be seen in the water, and Norman jumped up and down and shouted to his friend.

"Gosh, do you see it, Billy? It's a big carp, real big! The stupid thing keeps fighting, though. If I pulled too hard, I could still lose him."

At that moment, Billy reached into the water and snared a medium size crayfish that he had been spying for several minutes. Taking it out of the water, he hurled it at Norman and watched as it flew toward his chest.

"Surprise!"

Norman turned in time to see the tiny claws and feelers just inches from his body. In one swift and involuntary motion he dropped his rod and caught the crayfish at the shell, shoving it back into the creek with a look of stunned anger. Simultaneously, the rod and reel fell into the water and floated downstream in the middle current. Norman jumped feet first into ice cold water, floating down until he saw the pole, stuck on a hanging tree limb that had that had dipped into the water. When he got to it, the line was limp.

He found his way to the shallow edge and waded back upstream, finally sitting down on the narrow bank directly under the bridge. He could see Billy, sitting just out from under the concrete in the daylight.

Billy cleared his throat and paused for several minutes. Then he turned and looked at the boy under the bridge.

"Norman, I'm sorry."

But the taller boy didn't answer, at least not directly. He kept his gaze firmly on the concrete which hung overhead. Norman studied the hundreds of spiders who found their recluses in the confines of the underside corners of the bridge. One black widow in particular caught his attention. She busily chewed up a now silk-encased fly that had strayed too near her sac of unhatched eggs.

V

Since his grandfather had come to stay with his family, Norman had not played too much with the other children. His grandfather, besides eating and snoring, didn't do much except work with wood in the workshop he had set up in the basement. Every day after lunch, he would go down there and tinker with his carving tools, coming up only for dinner and staying down there until well after ten at night. Norman would spend the afternoon with him, but at night his parents made him stay upstairs and watch television until bedtime.

He was fascinated with his grandfather's hands, and couldn't figure out how two old stubs, gnarled and wrinkled like the trunks of the trees in the woods behind his house, could work beauty from lumps of wood. He used to love picking up the shavings off the floor. He'd take them up to his bedroom and hide them in a box under his bed.

His grandfather was a former meat packer who had left the business when his wife had passed on, and who now was looking for a home. Norman's parents had taken him in with much misgiving, uncertain as to what effect it would have on the boy. But Norman soon found him to be his only true friend, and he was constantly at his grandfather's side.

"What are you gonna make today, Grandpa?"

"Thought I'd make a little figurine, Norman. Your mother's birthday is coming up, and I've always made her something for her birthday."

"What's a figreen?"

"It's a little boy, just like you, only made out of wood."

Norman thought about this for a while, wondering how a piece of wood could ever be alive like himself.

His toy soldiers had to be pushed before they'd move.

"Can they talk?"

"Sure they can, if you want them to. Best of all, only you can hear what they say."

"Will you make me one?"

Norman's grandfather slowly turned and studied his only grandson. Since coming to stay with the family, he had come to love Norman, for he now knew what all old people must eventually know, that children and old people are their only friends. People like his daughter could never really accept them without making a perversity of their loneliness.

So Norman's grandfather made him a figurine, with grandson watching daily as it took shape. When Grandpa had finished, he painted it in the finest, brightest colors he had, and Norman took it upstairs and put it in his box with the wood shavings.

Norman talked to his toy incessantly, sharing with it his deepest secrets and his greatest hopes. He even brought it down to dinner one night, and his mother had to set a place for "George." Both she and her husband thought the idea of a "George" all very wholesome and imaginative at first, but as the months went by both began to question the old man's ways, especially his relationship with Norman. They began to envy his closeness to the child.

It was in the fall of that year that Norman's grandfather went off because of illness. The void left by his absence was very hard on the boy, and he could only withdraw further into his friendship with George. At times he would come home from kindergarten and stay upstairs with George all day and night, talking to him and tucking him in, much as Norman's mother did to him. He'd sneak George cookies at night which his mother would take away in the morning, and Norman would always come down to breakfast and say, "George thanks you for the cookies, Mom."

He came home one day and found his father at home. Norman couldn't remember ever having this happen before. He noticed that his mother was particularly upset; she hadn't made lunch, and Norman's dad had to make him some bologna sandwiches. So Norman went upstairs, talked to his toy friend for awhile, and then fell asleep. George had told him that his grandfather had died.

VI

The young, anguished looking man paced up and down the floor of the small, neat hospital room. The brightly colored walls and drapes were spotlessly

clean, though worn from use, and a certain septic, sterile odor hung in the air. The man walked around the bed several times, looking down at the pale, helpless woman stuffed between the sheets. She was in a deep, relaxing sleep, the first time in many months that she had been afforded such a luxury. Meanwhile, the man smoked a continual stream of cigarettes, carefully placing the spent ashes in a container by the door.

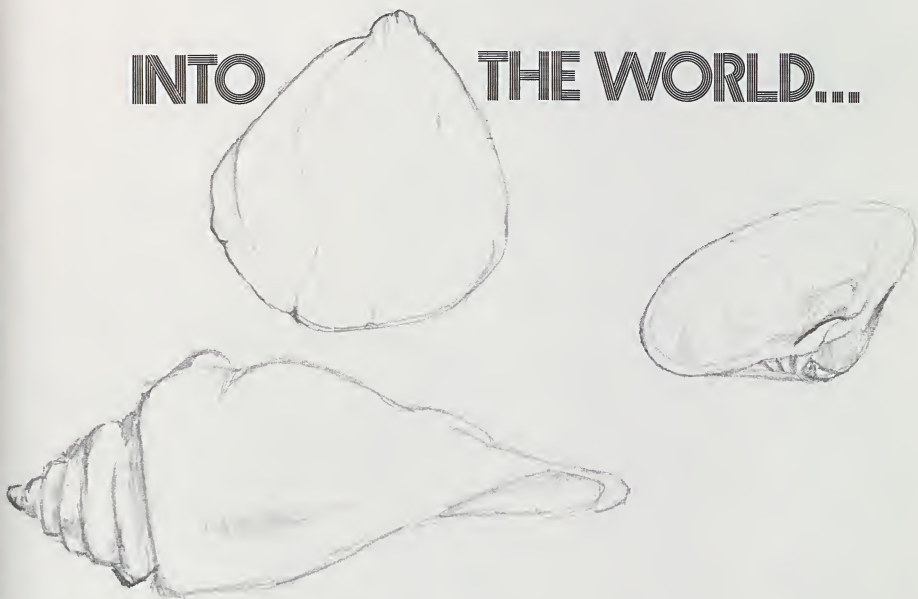
A red-faced, top heavy nurse swung through the door, carrying under her arm a furry pink ball wrapped in hospital blankets. She walked by the young man, bent over the woman, and nuzzled her awake, then shoved the package into the young mother's arms. The nurse then left the room.

The young man slowly crossed to the other side of the bed, slumping down in a nearby chair and taking hold of the woman's hand. He whispered softly to her and folded back the blankets which covered the pink ball. There lay his son.

The young woman took the wrinkled baby and held it close, watching its hand grasp around her index finger like a thick, pink string. She looked up at the young man and saw tears in his eyes, laugh-cry tears which told nothing of how he felt. And as she pulled the baby to her breast, Norman, newly entered into the world, felt the salt and the wind of the cold sea pressing against his face, and longed only to return to the warmth from which he had come.

...NORMAN, NEWLY ENTERED

INTO THE WORLD...



LOST CHILDREN'S POEM OF THURSDAY

It's Thursday,
and the sun hasn't come yet;
Maybe it decided to stay and talk awhile
and will rise later like
horses and chariots,
or a burnt yellow pumpkin
That tumbles into autumn at a glance.
It's Thursday, but
If the day were not so dark,
It would be a fantasy all the same—as it has been for years.
And we would find ourselves as children in
Little dresses out in the sage fields,
out of the wind
but not above the silences of storms.
We, with smiling faces, thought Thursday
Was not for Kings;
Well they ride on white horses on Thursdays and
Shoot beautiful pheasant,
And talk with pretty maidens who
Wear flowing robes and sit upon bronze horses
As if they were flowers.
That they were flowers we would have been blossoms;
And we would be picked for vases in high castles
But it's Thursday,
And the sun has never come,
And its yellow orange thoughts haven't come:
But we once fell through deep woods;
Followed a soft yellow light that touched on dark green boughs;
And found haze and mist floating against the
grey bark of trees.
Tears they were
As were the low snaking vines
And the black leaves of time peeling off dead limbs.
Laughter it was,
As the laughter of a tomb,
And the whistle of dark wind through
Shattered armies who bleed and cry in the cold,
And die when the frost is pasted to their eyes.
And laughter it was
as a maiden who felt warmed and cherished
By the eyes of Thursday and its strong wet back,
It's Thursday;
In the forest sand, footprints bare the forgotten
Mind and lead it home
And little feet play haste in the wilds
While that mind goes mad.
a soul damns all that it can damn

And eyes reflect streams and greens and fallen trees.
The tears were laughter
 by which armies fell
And through which dead winds whistled
But nothing, no nothing was heard at all.
Childrens' lost feet stand on the laughter of weeping darkness
And on Thursday's hand that slowly closes in.

poems

by Michael Pate

DISEASES ARE WONDERFUL: AND ANOTHER FAILURE

 The crows are flying over New Haven,
 black flags on a hollow pole of black life.
Nobody cares if somebody's got syphilis,
 just so they aren't jewish or black;
it's normal for one but it's a crime for the other,
and both suffer.

 Who ever thinks so suffers,
 everybody suffers and never knows.
How wonderful they are, the diseases we have.
 like cancers crying at night
 and flopping pigeons under bridges in the day.

diseases are volkswagons and Japan.
diseases are kissing girls under warm morning sheets
 and touching the hair under a dog's ear.
 hunting for dirty underwear in a clothes basket
 and finding some. Diseases are wonderful;
they're kids picking their noses and hiding the goody,
young girls hiding something else,
 old men hiding unripe peaches in cabinet drawers
 and old women hiding pills.

Diseases are wonderful
Diseases are nurses waiting in the fog for a late bus
 old park benches, rusty knives and broken branches
 pigskin hats and pennies.
Diseases are leaking roofs and blood blisters.
Diseases are shaking hands and smiles, lies and love songs,
 They are soldiers coming home at last
 and coffins and flags that lie on them
Diseases are human blankets protecting some one—
 and nuns;
 nuns and that something they think of a lot.
 They are rosemary water and Jesus, Las Vegas and
 rings.

Disease is
 the moment a mistake is made;
 the sun at evening and students so hard up for love
 they shake.

Diseases are lonely and afraid, confident and content.
Diseases are round

 without corners to peek around,
 without peaks to climb upon
 or windows to see into.
They have doors to walk through—
 out of one disease into another,
 into blue infinity.

The world is high blood pressure, polio, gout and syphilis.
 The world is very happy.
Disease is happy, happiness
 the wonderful.

DANCER: I am tired. I did not expect ever to see you again. I lost my coat and my soul this winter. Now I face you shocked, bare, and empty. What do you want from me?

DANCE: (silence)

DANCER: I came all the way down here just to see you. You have worn me out. Now you want me to swirl again. I cannot dance angry; what is it worth?

DANCE: (silence)

DANCER: Suppose I say it's worth my life so I'll take it? Suppose I jump, I leap? Suppose I fall and break a bone or a face? Will I be happy then?

DANCE: (silence)

DANCER: I cannot dance sad. Your silence provokes me to stillness. I think I should laugh, then you might smile and grin me back to a fine routine. Can you hear my sinister giggle?

DANCE: (silence)

DANCER: My words are at an end. Is green the colour of nausea or spring?

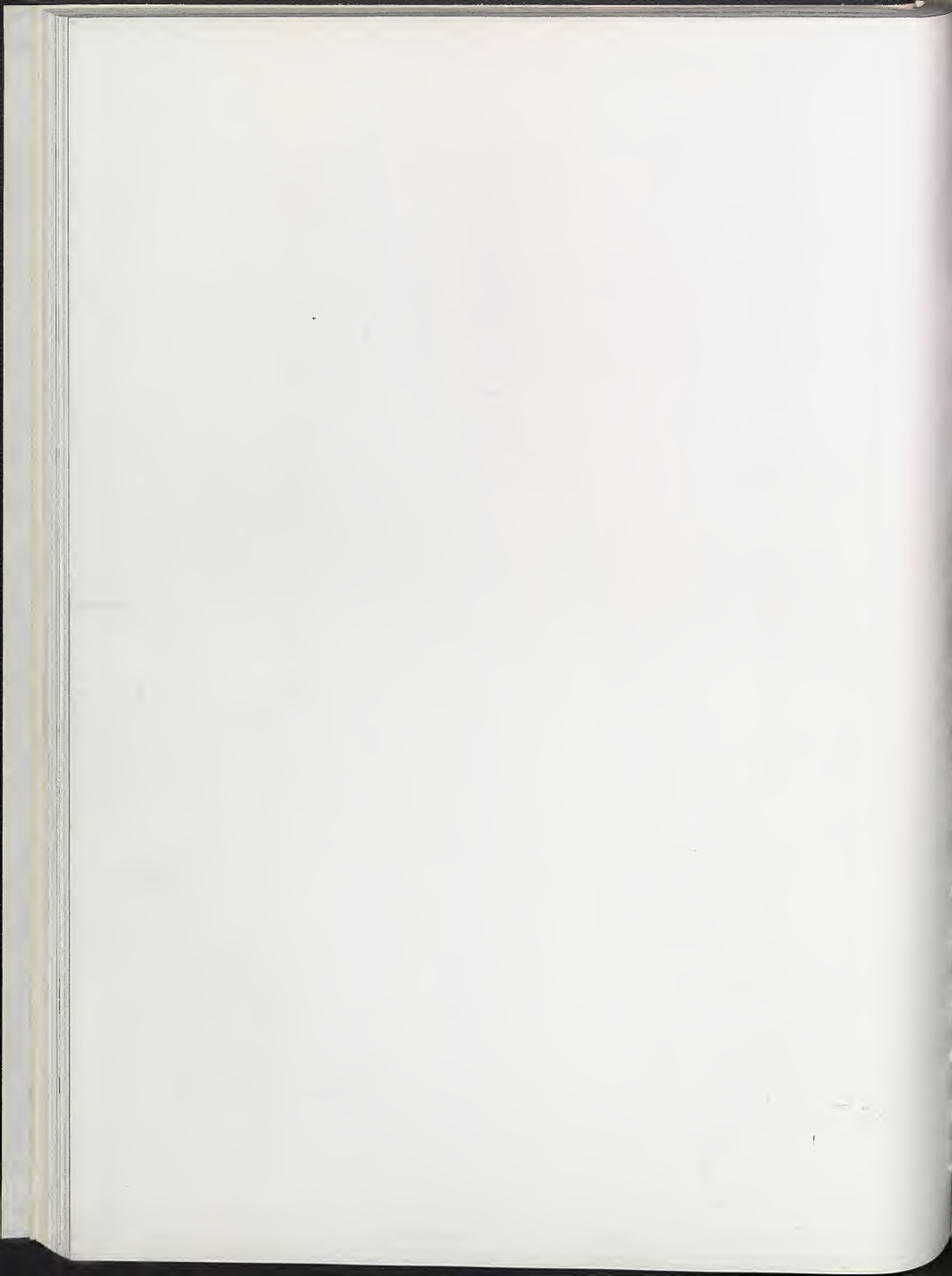
CHOREOGRAPHER: In the beginning was a word. The word grew flesh. The flesh grew wordy. Worthy is the flesh that was spoken.

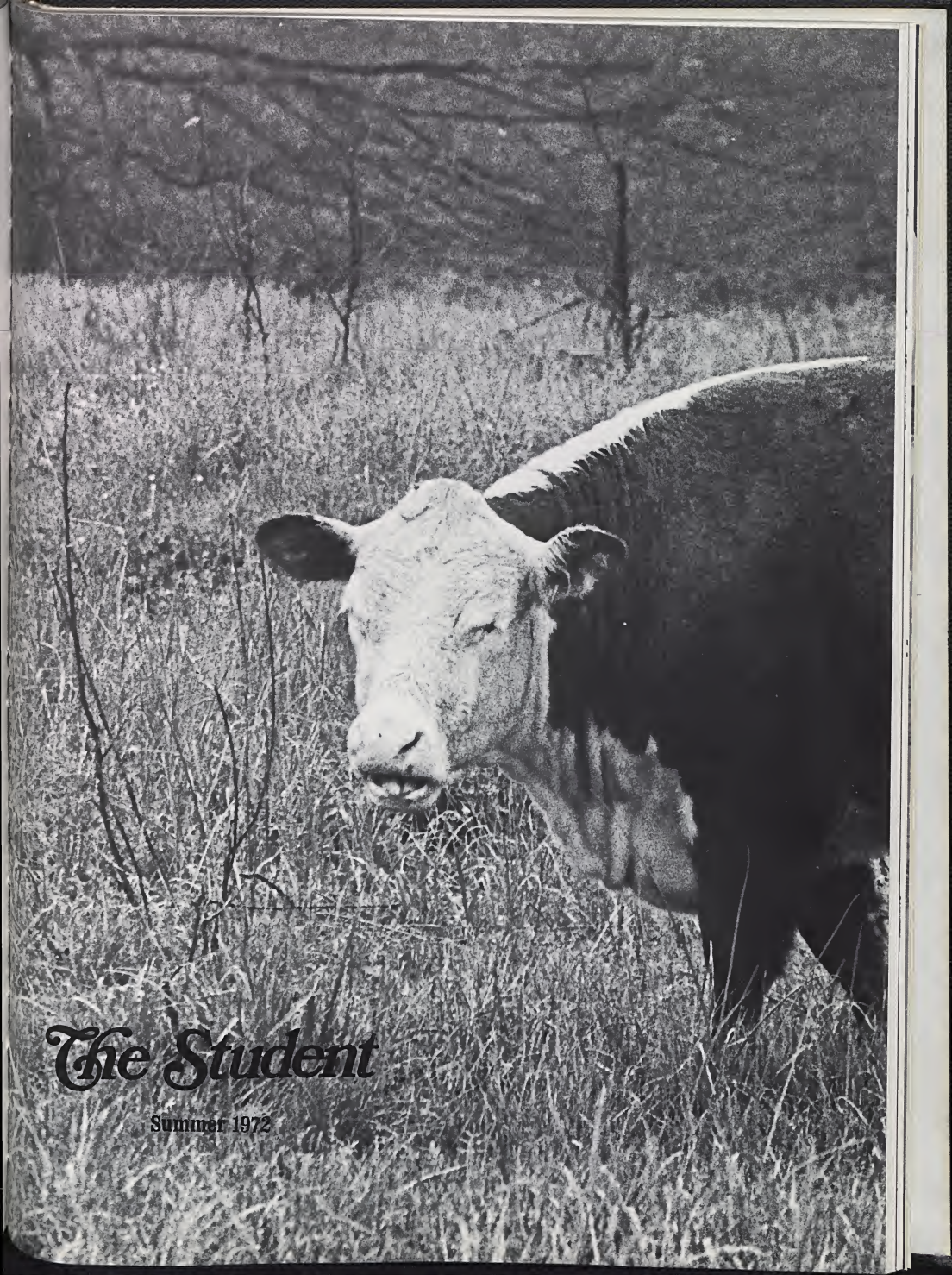
DANCER: Out among the stars I step silent graceful steps and peer around the edge of an eclipse. I see galactic floors polished clean by the washing hands of the ages. Footlight stars and beaming meteors beckon my swirling step from slumber. A little music from the spheres . . . Now . . . May I have this dance?

DANCE: Certainly.

by John Browning







The Student

Summer 1972

Who can tell what cries of frozen sorrow the early
blooming campus daffodils make when covered by a
puff of white snow . . .

I remember the worn green of the almost grass
struggling underfoot
on the quad.

I am so tired, so tired of mud to here and there
ruined & gone & this neverdone neverfinished . . .

It isn't my luck to have to go sludgy thru' that
grimy red mud on the way to class. Tribble is too
mud-troubled.

I wish I could see the place and look at something
how can I see this place and look at something
when I'm under construction . . .

If I were Lake Katherine, only rain would soothe
my crackling, brown aged face . . .

I'm glad that after the relevant changes on our
campus today the smells still remain, the smell of
Spring, the smell of B.O. on the gym stairs.

If I were Tribble Hall the mud machines lapping
my groins would burst into splinters when struck by
my angry blue breath.

When I graduate the receding slog of my mud-red
feet should tell you to rejoice aloud.

We, the members of the Student Magazine, in order to establish unity, to provide for the common boredom, to insure the absurdity of literary seriousness, and to further give credence to our reputation as low brow stylists, do hereby present our bully good fourth issue.

It has been an auspicious year. In the past three issues, we strove to present a mirror for the spirit and substance of student and university tastes and interests, and we sincerely believe this issue is our greatest achievement. There are texts for the form critics in religion department, moving accounts of the old campus for history department, animal stories for biology department, sabotage for the law school, and awards for everybody.

It's one in the morning and none of us feel particularly profound. Bob Allen and Donna will rejoice in about seven hours to see our traditional set of last minute corrections and the folks at Keiger will bemoan another Student Magazine attempt to be "artistic". Everyone will somehow do a good job except us and we'll just be glad that it is finished. The last attempt of this year's staff to bring you a Better Show is bully well over.

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The Student

Summer 1972

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THE REAL WAKE FOREST FIGHT SONG

Here's to Wake Forest, a glass of the cleanest,
It's washed in Ivory Liquid every day;
Trustees they are many, more Baptist than any;
They're happy cuz they always get their way.

Rah! Rah! Wake Forest! Rah!

Mom's adolescent sons we are (go convention!)
You'll teach us to be good and prolong our childhood,
Old Gold and Black is good for wrapping fish.

As frosh we take classes, as sophs we take classes,
And get yelled at for everything we do;
As juniors, more classes, as seniors, more classes,
We get a parking ticket, maybe two.

Rah! Rah! Wake Forest, Rah!

Mom's adolescent sons we are (go convention!)
You'll teach us to be good and prolong our childhood;
Old Gold and Black is good for wrapping fish.

Though money forsake us and draft overtake us,
We'll ne'er forget the college days we had;
We'll recall the old bull and just be so thankful
We made it four years without going mad.

Rah! Rah! Wake Forest, Rah!

Mom's adolescent sons we are (go convention!)
You'll teach us to be good and prolong our childhood;
Old Gold and Black is good for wrapping fish.



— A Nony. Moose

Shorty Never Got My Goat

Nothing sophisticated about "Shorty's". Just walk in the front door, and give Shorty your order for a hamburger or hotdog or milkshake, and have a seat at one of the old school desks lining the wall, or if you're in luck, at one of the ten stools at the counter. If you're inclined, meander to the back and leisurely watch a game of pool. Play if you like. When it's about time, wander back to the counter and wait until Shorty has your order. Though he didn't write it down, you know he hasn't forgotten. On the most crowded nights after a big weekend in Raleigh-when the buses had unloaded and an exodus of Wake Forest men had hit the door for a last sandwich and bull session before bed - Shorty has remembered every order, not missing a stroke.

Few people remember Shorty, his grey hair and eyes barely peeping over the counter, ever frowning. In his strange meeting place of college students and local folks, Shorty always hears the news about who is doing what in town and where and when and how and why. He doesn't hear much about campus from the fellows, even from the newspaper, yearbook and magazine staffs, that came for a late night lift. Academia is across the railroad tracks, and the quite modest Shorty doesn't pretend or aspire to be intellectual. He's Shorty and that's good enough.

But he knows what happens to the kids when they come in town as well as he knows what happened to Ernie and Fred (regular customers) in back of the Collegiate Theatre three years ago. And if you go to "Shorty's" regularly, get to know him and learn how to persuade him to tell you one of his stories about the town Wake Forest and what has happened to long gone students over the years, Shorty will give you something worth keeping. Automatically putting together a hamburger or hotdog, he'll tell you stories about that time a fellow on campus was forced to keep a bet by eating a fried cat, or the time Old Granny Maud and a truck load of farm hands came to town and squared off against some football players. Shorty's soft voice never resorts to profanity, but steadily relates incidents that are truly humorous and can be told and retold without much wear on the listener.

Humor From The Old Campus



Wake Forest upped and left Shorty and the town of Wake Forest. Last year, Shorty died. But the graduates of his short order restaurant-Edwin Wilson, Bynum Shaw, Harold Hayes (Editor of *Esquire Magazine*) and the members of Pub Row at the old campus-remember Shorty's with warmth and a feeling of contentment. Shorty's was the meeting place of the worlds of the academicians and what we patronizingly call "the red necks." The result was anything but restrictive. "Shorty's" was a fertile and congenial experience which inspired a humor that was droll, dry and deceptively perceptive. Two of Shorty's graduates, Walt Friedenburg and Bill McIlwain, used some of the stories Shorty told from behind the counter to produce a short book, *The Legends of Baptist Hollow*. The following is a reprint of one of these yarns.

Every so often Harold Hayes, the spoon-chested boy who runs *The Student* magazine this year, has attacks, literary attacks. Somebody reads him a few lines of Sophocles, Shakespeare, or Eddie Guest, and he gets dissatisfied with the people who work for him... says they're not writers but a bunch of clowns... says he doesn't want and will not accept any more trash like they've been writing for him.

"Give to me," he says, tossing the current issue aside and staring out the window, "living words pictures distilled from life about us. ... Bring to me descriptions of country that I can recognize.... Create for me living, breathing men who... ah, whom I can watch squirm in the clasp of my hand. Go! Go forth and write!"

Well, the boys never give to him, bring to him, or create for him any thing like that, so no harm is done. And he's almost always all right the next day. But these spells are going to get him in trouble yet, just like they did another guy here one time.

It was only a few years ago—back in '41—when a boy we'll call Peel, a big shot on *The Student* at the time, decided to write some of this living, breathing, distilled from life stuff. There wasn't anything especially living or breathing on the campus right at the moment, but there were plenty of distilleries in the country nearby. So Peel figured he'd write about that section a few miles on the other side of the golf course where the kids play tag with hoe handles. And he did.

The Student came out all living and breathing with Peel's story, "Land of Paradox," saying that folks out that way aren't as bright as most folks, but are a heap tougher. And it said some other things about how they don't fool much with running water, electric lights, sporty clothes and paved roads.

Well, Peel took one look at his story, lying there breathing so good, and decided to let a magazine in Raleigh publish it. And that's exactly what he did.

That story hit that wild country with all the kick of atomic energy, a Missouri mule, and straight Bourbon. And this is the way it happened:

The R.F.D. mail carrier comes bouncing along the road in a government jalopie, whistling, feeling pretty good until he gets to the edge of the "Land of Paradox." He straightens up and says to himself sort of solemn like, "I ain't going no further." He says that to himself every day and he means it. So he throws a bunch of mail for the "Land of Paradox" folks into a field and gets on his way. A kid, half riding, half carrying, half pushing a goat, comes along and grabs that stack of mail. He takes it to a store

where folks can come and get it. But there's a skinny girl named Rosy there who can do right smart of reading, and right off she's reading the old folks stuff from here and there.

The old folks, patting Rosy on the head and sort of liking the way she can read and all, crowd around to hear what the kid's saying. When she comes across Peel's story in the magazine she finds it hard pushing through those college words. But the more she reads, the more you see big men in dirty overalls pushing closer, and the more you hear them shouting—shouting loud—"Who writ that? Who done this to us?"

And pretty soon all you can hear is, "Who done this to us?"

"Granny Maude ought to see this," the biggest man—must be six-seven—shouts, and they're all off for Granny Maude's house. Granny Maude, a woman maybe seventy, maybe a hundred years old, is sitting on a rock in her yard, trying to hit a hog with a hickory nut. Granny Maude hears Rosy read a little from the magazine and she knows right off that the guy who wrote this stuff is going to be in a lot worse shape than the hog she's popping with those hickory nuts. This "Land of Paradox" stuff is the book looks bad to her. Ain't no telling what he might be calling her land.

"He'll eat it! He'll eat it like a goat!" That's the first thing Granny Maude says. And that's enough for the yardful of men, women, kids, hogs, and dogs.

"Yes sir, he'll eat it, he'll eat it all like a goat," everybody but the hogs and the dogs start shouting. They all know Granny Maude is fixing to take them to town to see the man who wrote bad about 'em. One sissy boy runs back to the house to put shoes on.

"Can't but so many go," Granny Maude tells the mob. But they all scramble for Granny Maude's open-bodied Ford truck. (It didn't use to be open-bodied but Granny Maude never was much good at parking it in the shed.)

"Down from the truck, down from that truck! I'll pick ye!" she shouts, hitting two youngsters in the head with hickory nuts and rapping an elderly gentleman across the nose with a plow point.

Everybody wants to go. Everybody wants to square up with the man that wrote bad about 'em. But it's like Granny Maude says, can't but so many go, and she's taking only enough to do the job. Aboard the truck are: Granny Maude, behind the wheel, sticking her head out the window to see the road because the windshield's so muddy; Big Bess, a hundred and eighty-five pounds redheaded woman

who can whip most men in that section; around a dozen big men; and a one-eyed goat Granny Maude calls old Single Sight. She's taking Single Sight to town 'cause she's meaning to be sure that fellow Peel eats his story just like a goat.

Granny Maude can make the old Ford do tricks, and she's pushing it hard for town with Big Bess and Single Sight crowded in the cab with her. She's got them up front with her because they're important. Big Bess will get Granny Maude's job some day, and she's got to be learning how to do. And Single Sight, well, Granny Maude wants to be sure nothing happens to that goat. She'll need him bad when she finds the college boy. The dozen men in dirty overalls in the back, hanging on to keep from bouncing off in a field, are ready like they always are. Granny Maude's not worried about them... Watched 'em come up from babies... whupped 'em when they needed it.

Granny Maude is jamming that old Ford hard down the stadium road and she's getting to town quick. Around the corner, around another corner, and up the driveway in front of Wait Hall. Granny Maude spins the truck around the circle a couple of times and stops it by ramming Dr. Pearson's parked car. She's coming to this building because she knows somebody here will know where the guy is she's come to get.

They tromp into the registrar's office, Granny Maude, Big Bess, Single Sight and the men. Everybody. Big Bess boosts Granny Maude on top of Mister Patterson's counter so she can talk loud and clear and everybody will know what she's saying. And there're enough big men in dirty overalls behind her to make sure nobody stops her.

Three times Granny Maude slams the magazine against the office girls' face, shouting, "I want 'im! I come to git 'im! I come to git the man who writ this! He'll eat it, he'll eat it like a goat!" Big Bess is about to hand Granny Maude the goat to slam against some faces when the registrar folks figure they better tell her where Peel is.

Peel happens to be in The Good Doctor's short story class just then, and Granny Maude, Big Bess, Single-Sight and the dozen big men bang off on foot for the Alumni Building.

Down the brick walk they pour, Granny Maude out front. Students want to see, but they don't want in the way. Nobody wants in the way. Big Bess has to knock old Single Sight kicking and throw him over her shoulder when he tries to run in the Religion Building.

In front of the Alumni Building they stop. The men are shoving and kicking for a spot near the door. Single Sight is getting his senses back so Big Bess sets him on the ground. Nobody says anything. They're all waiting for Granny Maude. She'll know the right thing to say.

"We're wanting this Peel boy!"

That's all Granny Maude shouts. But she says it just right. It's so you can tell she's not there just fooling around. Professor's heads pop out of windows, but they pop right back when Granny Maude hollers, "If ye ain't Peel, git your head back indoors."

And again she shouts, "We're wanting this Peel boy!"

Peel, who's upstairs in The Good Doctor's room, hears Granny Maude, likes to hear somebody calling his name out so clear, wants to get outside to see who it is. But The Good Doctor, who's more familiar with folks' voices, says, "Sit tight, son." That's all he says, just "Sit tight, son." But Peel knows he knows something.

The dead-game Doctor, a man who'll fight for freedom of the press anytime, hits off from the third floor, heading groundward, covering the last seven steps flat on his back.

The Good Doctor sees her, sees Granny Maude. And he sees Big Bess, Single Sight, and the dozen men in dirty overalls. He's hurting where he's been sliding on the steps, but he's not thinking about that now.

"Come to git 'im. We come to git 'im. He wrote bad about us and we come to git 'im." Granny Maude is telling The Good Doctor that, and he knows it's so, too. He knows, too, that he'd better tell a little white fib—or even a big black lie if necessary. He knows he's got to tell her something.

"Ma'am, I'm terribly sorry, but Peel has stepped out of my class for the moment. Could I have him meet you somewhere later?" He's surprised when Granny Maude says he can. He's surprised when she doesn't lead her gang up the stairs. Instead she says Peel can meet her in front of the courthouse at eleven o'clock, and that's all The Good Doctor wants to hear.

"And say, Slim, ye didn't have nothin' to do with putting 'im up to it, did ye?" Granny Maude calls to The Good Doctor. But he doesn't hear her; he's headed back upstairs to lay plans.

"Get over to 'Fessor Carroll's class quick," he tells a youngster, "and borrow some football players—better make 'em tackles and guards."

At three minutes to eleven the college folks pour around the corner in front of the courthouse. The

Good Doctor is out front, waving them on. Peel is surrounded by seventeen big football players—Peahead's biggest.

The Good Doctor's troops reach the edge of the street. They stop.

Granny Maude's crowd is already on the other side.

The battle lines are drawn. Do things get underway? They certainly do—with a mass flogging of everybody by everybody. There's beating, bumping, cursing, clawing, kicking, stomping, and throwing mud for maybe fifteen minutes, maybe more. Night Officer Nuckles, blinded by the sunlight, is in the middle, blowing his whistle, swinging his stick.

The ball players got the number on their side, got the upperhand. Five of them pin Big Bess to the courthouse wall where she can't move. The others keep flailing away at Granny Maude's men in dirty overalls. A cafe man captures Single Sight. Officer Nuckles, seeing pretty good now, gets Granny Maude cornered in a door, cooling her down so she'll talk to The Good Doctor.

Granny Maude looks out in the street, sees her men getting flogged. The Good Doctor looks out in the street, sees his men getting flogged. They both know this is bringing no good. So they hit on a peace:

Peel won't have to eat the whole story. Just the title and the by-line. Also, he'll have to write another story telling about the nice part of the "Land of Paradox." Peel, who's been hiding under a parked car, comes out, and says he'll do it. He doesn't know anything nice about that country right now, but he knows he'll find lots of nice things, just so he doesn't have to eat that whole six page spread.

And that's almost exactly how it goes:

Single Sight, hurried off down the road to the barbecue pit by the cafe man, isn't there to show Peel how, but he eats the title and by-line anyway... Nuckles says he won't have anymore goings on like this in town... Granny Maude loads her men in dirty overalls and Big Bess back in the old Ford and heads home... The Good Doctor gathers his force and starts back for the Holy Quarter-Hundred Acres.

There, you see, is the danger of getting too literary—trying to write that living, breathing, distilled-from-life stuff. We hope that won't happen to Harold Hayes.

Anyone who knows Ed Christman knows he will not fit any notion of what a chaplain is supposed to be. It's intentional. He won't be anything but himself, and if you ask him to be a little "humble", "meek", or "reverent", you will probably not get much of any of it. Which probably has little or nothing to do with the humor article "Hey Skinny", which appeared in the 1949 Christmas issue of the *Student*...

HEY

SKINNY!

by

Ralph Stowe



There comes a time when every young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. Then manifestations of love are manifold, lighting various paths of direction for each and every aspiring gigolo.

In our time, one of education and jackpot, it is almost necessary that our young men be properly schooled as to the rigors, rules, mores, and requisites of being a lover. To this end various philanthropists throughout the world have dedicated their lives to making our youth strong and virile and competent to compete on the muscle market.



"How did you know my name was Mac?" "I just guessed, sonny boy."

The gentlemen of the physical culture world have been unstinting in their efforts to provide the under-endowed and over-eager young man with a set of first class muscles.

This is a tribute to the beautifiers of the male body, who, in their love for the human race, have inserted blood and manufactured tissue in mass production.

Ad Christmas was a ninety-eight pound weakling, believe it or not. Three years ago Ad blew into Wake Forest on a zephyr and was lodged in an oak tree next to the little dorm. In this oak tree there lived a mother robin, and this mother robin spotted Ad peeping timidly from inside a rotten acorn. After due consideration she decided that he was not a worm but a bird, because, as any robin knows, worms don't ride in zephyrs.

Mother Robin, being a charitable middle-aged house robin, took Ad in with her as one of the family and for a week fattened him on the best that the cafeteria had to offer. Ad gained one pound, and mama decided to let him try his wings. The added poundage, coupled with his lack of wings, caused him to lose altitude rather rapidly and by the time he had hit the ground he was in front of the Lambda Chi house. It was rush week. The LC's spotted him on the way down, discussed him, and pledged him before he hit the ground.

Rush week is a nice week. That is the week when every body with ten dollars in his pocket is invited to the various seminars at the local houses scattered about the campus. At these seminars are discussed various phases of education, religion, and other topics timely to the lives and times of ourselves.

At the end of rush week, the brothers are very tired. They have indoctrinated the fledglings, spent much time in meditation and academic counterpoint and believed that a small amount of discrete relaxation goes a long way toward preparing the mind for the endless hours of toil that they anticipate for the coming school year. Consequently, the brothers prepared a buffet supper in the recreation room of the religion building, and naturally Ad was invited to participate, even though he was not a full-fledged brother. It was there that Ad realized that girls were different from boys, and it was there that Ad first became the proper subject for the lovers of the body beautiful.

The buffett supper was splendid affair. The president stood at the head of the receiving line and warmly welcomed each and every person by name. Many of the brothers' wives were there, as well as many of the young ladies with their friends from the girls' dormitory. It was a typical fraternity function; one of jollity and comradeship, warming the cockles of your heart. Decorations for the occasion were contributed by the IRC, with the theme being the opening of the football season. Tiny figures of Captain Ed Bradley were cut from paper and placed at random throughout the hall, and thin strips of black and white paper were hamstrung across the ceiling, subtly depicting the overseeing eye of the referee in each and every contest. The highlight of the evening was a rendition of the ever popular "Go, Dear Old Wake Forest, Go" by Douglas C. Walker, the genial mentor. He was accompanied at the piano by Ray Jones, who in every day life is a cheerleader. Mr. Jones carried through bravely to the last bar despite a serious attack of colic. Mr. Walker was, of course, in his usual fine voice.

Now you can understand why Ad was at the point of tears. The beautiful spirit of the school and living and things had caught him and swept him off his feet. He loved everyone, but had no one to love. He began to notice, as the party hit its peak, that boys and girls began to pair off, and indulge in some gambols as he had never seen. They would sit close to one another. He saw one young lady in particular that he liked very much. She was standing in the corner with a young man, nameless here, and was carried away in

conversation whispered and fervent. Occasionally she would twitter and smile and roll her eyes. It definitely interested him, although he didn't know why. Presently a brother walked over to him and said, "Makes your blood surge, doesn't it, brother Adward?"

Ad secretly decided to see this young lady at some future date. In proper fashion Ad contacted the lady and made an appointment to take her to Merrill's Lake.

Ad appeared at an appointed hour. He was attired casually in grey pleated flannels with an outside seam. His blouse was a cotton gabardine trick in tasteful yellow. It was made exciting by a billowing sail that protruded from about the left shoulder, yawning gently around the small of his back with the stern coming to rest two points below his navel. His footwear had been selected in the best pediatric style.

This man was rather well constructed. His build indicated that he believed in functional design, although there was considerable evidence of definition. Ad recognized him as a football player, and immediately decided to engage him in conversation, hoping thereby to impress his lady friend with his importance in and around the campus. After a very pleasant greeting, the man kicked a few grains of sand in the general vicinity of Ad's mouth. "Sort of unfriendly," Ad mused quietly.

While musing, the gridiron great coyly winked and was walking away with Ad's girl, who was foaming and panting eagerly as they trotted toward the bathroom.

Not outdone, Ad determined to retrieve her, and in pursuance got his face unceremoniously smashed in.

As you perceive, the day was a total loss, and Ad's spirit was near the breaking point. He vowed that he

In ten easy inexpensive lessons you too may be feared. Don't he frighten you?



It was white suede with red rubber soles. His hair was semi-crew cut, accenting a natural cowlick just over the right eye. In proper outdoor fashion, Ad scorned the wearing of headgear. Ad was all set.

The trip to the beach was uneventful. Rather, to be quite frank, it was apparently uneventful, because this was the first time Ad had ever ridden in a taxi. The meter at first puzzled him, and when a half mile rang off it startled him somewhat. But, to return, all in all, Ad conducted himself admirably, even to the painful nonchalance that he exhibited when he told the Cabby to keep the change.

At the beach Ad did not fare so well. He knew already that boys were different from girls. He knew that the difference was such as to send the blood surging through his veins. He did not know that he had no blood.

While they reposed, enjoying the sun and the waves, a man in a bathing suit walked onto the beach.

would not live unavenged and with his love unrequited. It was at this stage of Ad's existence that the physical culturists entered his life. Extending a helping hand, they gave him that needed drive to be not only successful, but also beautiful.

It was quite by accident that Ad discovered the glory of a beautiful body, and it was also by accident that he found out that he could, himself, build on his frame a set of muscles that would prepare him to defend his honor on any field of physical combat.

It is useless to comment concerning the care that Ad received during his period of training. He was devoted to his course, and the muscle men were devoted to him. They showered him with diets, barbells, and lessons. He worked and sweated day after day. In a very short time, he could press, clean jerk, and dead lift. He had learned the location of the major muscles of the body and one by one he was building them to magnificent proportions.



Our hero, having grown in wisdom and stature, discovers our villain in the act of deciphering a Pearson history quiz, and is become blind as a bat.

Systematically he was becoming a man. It was, at times, a bit inconvenient; for example, after the first week he began to concentrate on his left arm, and at the end of the week, he could not get his left arm in his sleeve. The right are was o.k., but that left arm just wouldn't go in. He would sit in class and massage and squeeze his left arm, trying to bring it nearer to the size of his small right arm, but to no avail. Then too, there was the delay between the eighth and ninth lessons that had produced some embarrassing moments; the eighth lesson was concerning the building of the thigh, and Ad had been quite avid in building his legs. After the sixth day, his thighs had more than doubled, but unfortunately the lower part of his legs, namely the calves, was to be in the ninth lesson. To be more explicit, Ad's legs resembled a churn turned upside down, and it became quite annoying when people started throwing horseshoes at his legs, thinking that he was a stob, and the situation became impossible when the local canines began to dampen his socks as he walked along. He solved the problem neatly by donning a skirt and blouse and announcing his candidacy for May Day. (*The Old Gold and Black* predicted a runoff).

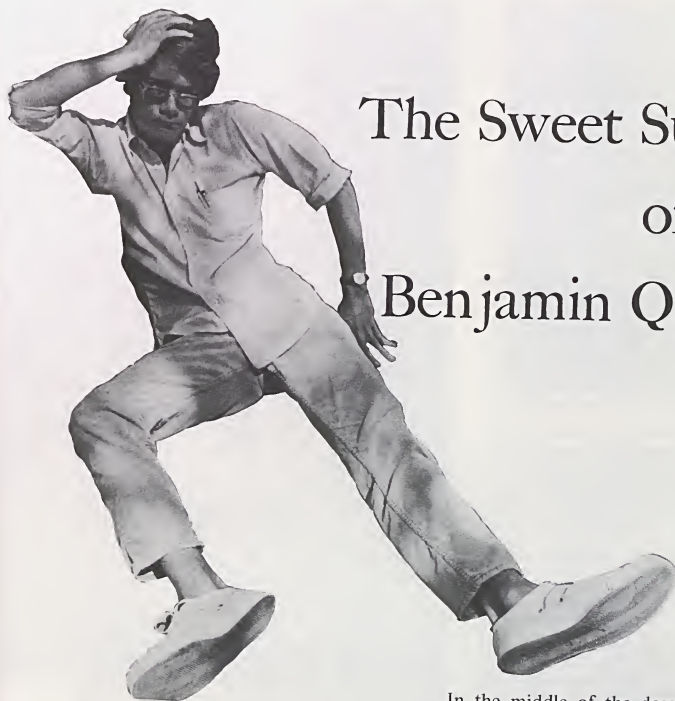
An so on throughout the campaign toiled our hero.

Under the guiding gentle hand of the mighty men, he became one of them. At appropriate ceremonies he received his diploma. He signified his acceptance and gratitude by flexing violently the bojavalin jurix of the third tibula and throwing the president of the institution off the stage, while at the same time pressing above his head a 340 lb. barbell.

He forthwith sought out his enemy to be the instrument of his undoing. After much search he found him in a secluded soda shop where he was on his third lemon soda. The enemy was, at long last, at bay.

As the moment arrived for the terrible conflict, the lessons of fraternalism and the brotherhood of man flashed across his brain. He blushed with shame at his taking advantage of this muddled shell of a man. The flesh was willing but the spirit was weak. He could not do it. The very sight of the man, torn limb from limb by the mighty Ad, caused him to reflect on the tenderness and kindness he had received. He decided to show mercy and justice, so with an understanding and compassionate hand, he deftly inserted a switch-blade knife into the rippling muscle on the back of his neck.

* * * * *



The Sweet Success Story of Benjamin Q. Dickinson

By Helen Tyree,
Su Nance,
Vaud Travis

In the middle of the desert junkyard, atop the hulk that once was a shiny green Volkswagon, sat the rejected, dejected, and neglected poet, Benjamin Dickinson.

An agonized expression plastered itself on Dickinson's face as he silently contemplated the junk around him.

"Shukth," he scowled. Dickinson, unpublished at age 20, had today received the twenty-ninth rejection of his suite of poetry entitled, "Elegies Written in an Inspiring Junkyard." He now wallowed in a sea of paranoia, and his ingrown toenail had begun to fester.

"Ah, me," he expostulated. "Where will I now turn, having been refuted everywhere from Harper and Row to King Community Preth?"

He kicked at the hulk and pawed it pensively, lifting a loose part.

"Alath poor headlight, I knew thee well. I remember running into thee latht year with my Ford over at Wake Foretht."

Suddenly an idea crept into Dickinson's cranial cavity. "Ah, Wake Foretht! That'th it! They will akthept my poetry. I will be publithed by the Wake Foretht Preth! Oh, yeth!"

Having been sufficiently inspired, Dickinson grabbed a cigarette wrapper from the nearest junkpile, rescued a pencil that was floating in a mud puddle, and began to compose a new poem to present to the Wake Forest Press.

"Ode to a Heinz no.57 Applesause Can," he wrote.
A gleam appeared next to the cataract in his right eye
as he composed:

Stiff tin that breaketh my skin
And causeth me to cry 'Ouch'--
What lofty thoughts, O noble can,
Who makes me gay, not grouch.
What lurks upon your crinkled label,
O bright apple beneath the dust,
That makes me swoon and stain my breast
With thy divine, inspiring rust!

Dickinson smiled. "Oh, I'm hot today!" he exclaimed, grabbing another cigarette wrapper. He hunched his shoulders into a contemplative posture and rested his chin on his fist, allowing his deep brown eyes to pierce through the afternoon brightness of the junkyard. A mangy stray cat ran by, flipping Dickinson in the nose with its hairless tail.

"Wow," breathed Dickinson, "how exthithtential!" He quickly wrote:

Rhyme to a Bald-Tailed Cat

Tom Cat, Tom Cat, running scared,
Why thy tail be so de-haired?

Dickinson's poetic trance was broken by the falling of night, and he grudgingly parted from his junk and headed his overhauled '52 Ford pickup toward home.

* * * * *

It was early in the morning that Dickinson awoke. He lay in bed for awhile, nostalgically eyeing the old inner tubes with which he had meticulously decorated his room.

"Ah, that one I got at the junkyard in Kernerthville; and that one ith from Pete'th junkery in Old Thalem; oh, and THAT . . ."

But the poet soon tired of this and arose to prepare for his interview with Wake Forest Press.

An hour later he was outside the door of the office of editor B.D. "Bully" Shoe. Shoe was interviewing another prospective poet, and Dickinson eavesdropped cunningly.

Shoe was reading the poetry of Dickinson's rival:



Overhearing 'thenthational' poetry

"There was a young man from Atlanta
Who dressed as a neighborhood Santa
He was jumped by a gang
And said "Goll-ee-dang,
I'd run if I could but I cain't. Uh."

Dickinson snickered as Shoe read on:

"Joe thought he would do for a jest
His roommate whose clothes he had pressed;
He put his pink suits on
The racks he had boots on;
His roommate: Some clothes you have messed."

"Aha," chuckled Dickinson. "Here I will be published! Thith thtupid guy will make me look thenthathional!"

With an air of confidence that he seldom possessed when absent from a junkyard, Dickinson plunged headlong into Shoe's office in time to see a wad of chewing tobacco land in an open drawer marked "reject."

Shoe looked up, coolly assessing the newcomer. Grinning slyly at his competitor, Dickinson handed his manuscript to Shoe . . . and waited.

"I wonder what he'll thay?" thought Dickinson. "Will he bring forth multitudeth of lavith praithe? Will he thimply thay 'thith ith GOOD, Dickinthon!?' Or will he THWOON in ecthtathy?"

Dickinson watched the expression on Shoe's face as Shoe read the poem aloud.

"... with thy divine, inspiring..." Shoe looked



Hot off the junk heap



"Rust?"

*An existential reaction
to existential literature*

up at Dickinson. "Rust?"

"Yeth!" exclaimed Dickinson. "Oh, yeth, yeth YETH!" He watched Shoe's eyes.

Shoe looked slowly up from the words that stood before him. He spoke calmly, directly, and from the depths of his soul: "This is trash."

"YETH!" Dickinson leaped into the air. "YETH!" The raw beauty and poignant mythtery of true trath!"

Shoe tossed the poems into the file marked "reject" and sprinkled the file liberally with tobacco, saying to Dickinson, "I hope I clarified that point." Turning to Dickinson's adversary, he continued, "Now, nephew, we must discuss your potential as exemplified in these highly original poems..."



Dickinson slunk from the office and found refuge in the refuse heap behind Kitchen House. There he sat, melancholy but pensive.

"I know," he finally concluded. "The reathon that the Wake Foretht Univerthity Preth won't have me ith that they do not underthtand TRUE ART. No. They have not thuffered. To be an artitht one mutht . . . THUFFER!" Thumping his chest with his fist, Dickinson assumed his "suffering artist" position.

"I will teach them to thuffer," he concluded.

* * * * *

Wake Forest University was the scene of several explosions and acts of vandalism during the next few weeks. Tribble Hall was demolished Robert E. Lee style; Student Government office was overrun by rats; a smudge pot was placed in front of the columns of Wait Chapel; a vast array of inner tubes appeared scattered across the quad. Only the cafeteria remained untouched.

And beside each act of vandalism appeared a cigarette package wrapper bearing the words:

THE THUFFERING THABOTAGER WATH HERE!

Campus officials were bewildered when, weeks later, the Wake Forest Press received the following letter:

Dear Sir:

I have done it all for you. So you could learn . . . learn to suffer and appreciate true trash, of which I am a producer. When you feel you have been inspired to the appreciation of said art, please contact me at 720-0101.

Benjamin Q. Dickinson



page fourteen

A squad car full of campus police was dispatched immediately.

* * * * *

Dickinson hid as an expert; he disguised himself as a dog, a magnolia tree, an inner tube, and occasionally as a student. He hid in such crevices as coke machines, post office boxes, refrigerators, and the C.U. Office.



Finally, Dickinson became tired running . . . tired of disguising . . . tired of hanging around the Post Office. Defeated by an unsympathetic and insensitive world, he climbed to the top of the library. Sitting beneath the library bell, he began to write his final composition.

"Ode to the late Benjamin Q. Dickinson," he wrote, "by the late Benjamin Q. Dickinson."

Then he paused, tossed away the poem, and stepped to the edge of the library roof.

"What'th the uthe?" he screamed. "I can never be apprehithated."

He kissed his favorite piece of trash – an old coffee can lid – farewell, and dropped it tragically. The lid drifted sadly from Dickinson's hand and promptly landed upon his bare foot. (He had long since given up shoes).

Dickinson, chagrined, began earnestly and deeply to pronounce. "EEEEEEEEOOOOOOUUUUUUU."

By chance, below walked the eminent master of musicianship, Dr. Horatio Hubcap, who lifted his ears to hear Dickinson's exclamations.

And so, Dickinson was discovered.

* * * * *



Forty days and forty nights later, Dickinson, coffee-can lid in hand, cut his first album. A week later he went on tour, with a travelling foot doctor at his heels.

Dickinson made friends, influenced people, got married, and was head of the local underworld chapter in no time at all.

And so, no longer melancholy, Benjamin Dickinson spent the remainder of his life singing the trash he loved so well and sighing nostalgically over his many memories of junkyards and Wake Forest.

And at the end of his life, he died.



Trash: What more can I say?

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Trash: What more can I say?







The
Magical
Journey...



* No one will believe the song of pattering lawnmower on a sultry sundry yellow April morning. * If I had my way, I would pour cement over all of Wake's grass and plant grass on its walks. *

If I were a post office box, perhaps 8415, I'd live to hear the shouts of joy, & curses from my red lipped hug.

It makes me sick to have to listen to the verbal diarrhea within the stillborn white walls of Tribble Hall.

Whatever happened to unclogged urinals, blushing out our ear drums, clean instead of green. Maybe a sign (PLEASE! DON'T PUT YOUR BUTTS IN THE URINALS)...

When I graduate the mighty gods shall thunder their voices, as my glittering gold Louie B. Potat honor medal is immortalized in the black tar of Stratford Road...

Whatever happened to the warm rush of male ingenuity? she said no.

When I graduate I'll probably be a waitress wearing white orthopedic shoes & clanging dirty silverware together—because what else can you do with an English major?

It's good to know the chapel clock is scaled, hick-tock hick-tock.

It's good to know
That no gentleman caller
Comes to my blue tile stall
But merely a passing politico
Creaking his way down to
English three-five-o.

If I had my way we'd eat everyday in a room that didn't smell bad with walls not of grey and good food on the tray and music that wasn't so bad.

When I graduate and rid myself of Tribble Hall, Deaonlight, and pink magnolias under a grey sky I'll finally be free to see the world and the people.

People think that Mr. Shaw corrects his paper in red ink, but really its just the blood of former students which is squeezed into the ink well.

No one will believe I haven't slept for days, spending my nights in Tribble, with her brown eyes always averted as I tell her why it matters.

It's good to know that come spring Wake Forest will have large, green trees, that kindly and warmly bring to our ears the sound of leaves.

Whatever happened to those eyes, those eyes that melt with

a flare of excitement?

Reaching out, hopelessly, to find that tingling element that shouts

from young, excited minds and souls.

Not rebellion, just the joy of learning.

I'll never forget the feeling of a grey Wake Forest day that existed without a song

* I wish the music sounding dorm to dorm in spring was that of joyous hearts. *

Gaudy orange, roaring engines

*

Whatever happened to soggy

Contributors: Mr. Shaw's Short Story Class, Dr. Phillips' Poetry Class, Mrs. Johnson's American Literature Class, Richard Chamberlain, Jr., Joseph Milner, and Joyce Potter.

Dubious Merit Awards



In Recognition
of Outstanding
Campus Achievement

Roget's Thesaurus to Bill DeWeese. In the words of Shakespeare, "Methinks he doth draw out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument" Keep up the good work, Bill.

The "One small step for man..." Award to the new open lounge policy.

Birdwatchers of the Year Award to Lamda Chi Alpha. Fem lib coeds are angry, however, and have decided to grin and bear it no more. In the future, they'll grin and cover it up. (That's life, Chi's.)

The St. Francis Humility Plaque to Ed Christman. (See story, page4.)



Mickey Mouse Engineering Award to whoever planned the streets and organized the flow of traffic on campus.

Honorary degrees to the construction crews, many of whom have spent more time on the campus than most student.



The Eternal Vigilance Medal to the Campus Police.



The Willie F. Buckley Citizenship Award to John Angel and the Abolitionist Party.

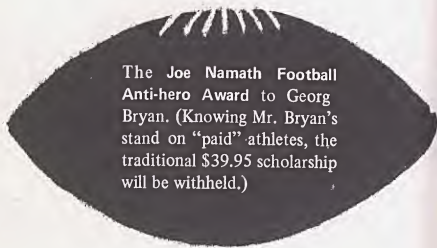


The H'aiku Oriental Landscaping Prize to the New Dorm grounds for a truly effective and aesthetic representation of the Mekong Delta.

A copy of Poor Richard's Almanac to Gene Lucas, vice-president in charge of finance, with the admonition that "a penny saved is a penny not spent."

The Playboy After Dark Citation to the campus mugger.

The Radio Free Winston Award to WFDD.



The Joe Namath Football Anti-hero Award to Georg Bryan. (Knowing Mr. Bryan's stand on "paid" athletes, the traditional \$39.95 scholarship will be withheld.)

The Spinning Wheels Trophy to campus parking facilities.

Best Short Story to the education and speech departments for "Arthur the Rat."

The Student Artistic Achievement Award to the watertower, *objet d'art* of the campus.

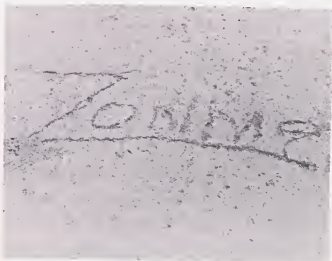


Promotion: The appointment of Gary Gunderson to the Student Lack of Life Committee a committee which better reflects the realities of WFU.



The Pathfinder Award to all those students who have made individual, but significant, contributions toward making the lawn in front of Tribble what it is today.

The American Spirit of Progress Award to the apathetic student body which allowed the Wake Forest Consumer League to fold.



In recognition of "fools'
names..."

The Profiles in Courage
Award to Student
Government which bravely
took a stand and recognized
Bangladesh.

The Creative Culinary Prize,
for scorched grease 97
different ways, to the Pit.

The Timex Precision Award
to the library bell which runs
2-5 minutes ahead or behind
Eastern Standard Time as
observed by the rest of
Forsyth County.



Give Your
Own
Award!

Realizing that other
organizations have been busy
awarding the *Oscar*, the
Grammy, and the *Emmy*, the
Student proudly encloses the
Ninny for the use of our
readers. Cut it out and award
it to whomever you feel
deserves it most.

WIMBLEWHAK

By Neil Caudle

The Rodent and the Polecat were walking leisurely through the forest on an autumn day. The Rodent's tail dragged across brown, red, and yellow leaves in a pleasant, rattling way and Polecat was lumbering along in his own particularly clumsy style which is said by some to indicate the friendliness of the creature. The air was clear, the day was warm, and the two were in bright spirits. Somehow the conversation turned to diet and such. "Certainly I eat pleasant things," said the Rodent, "generally substantial and wholesome; but my intake is unspectacular and of late I am becoming more and more dissatisfied."

"For what reason?" asked the Polecat, who had never been dissatisfied as long as his food was plentiful and digestible.

"I have decided," resumed the Rodent, "that there are greater things in life, things of exquisite flavor and heavenly texture. Often when I am considering myself, I am very depressed that my diet is so drab and ordinary."

"And what is it that you'd rather have?"

"My own, personal, particular True Diet."

"And what is that?"

"I don't know, I have to search for it. I may be doomed to wander these woods forever, and never happen to find my True Diet. Your True Diet is *Yours*, and nobody else's, and it is, if one is fortunate enough to find it, the eternal answer to the appetite."

"That sounds like a wonderful thing indeed, but how does one possibly find this thing, or ever know when he has it?"

"Oh you'll know if you find it; it's a marvelous new feeling, like shedding your old skin and putting on a new one. As for *finding* the True Diet, you just have to open your mouth and turn it up to the trees and walk around until it drops in your mouth from the right tree. Then you stay there and eat that food forever."

The Polecat pondered this for a while as they walked on. Then he asked the Rodent, "How did you find out about the True Diet, and this sorta' molting and getting new skin and all that?"

"From the Wimblewhak."

"The who?"

"The Wimblewhak. He is the only creature I know that possesses the True Diet, and he told me."

"But what sort of being is this Wimblewhak? I doubt that I've ever seen one, not that I would know if I had, nor ever even known it to exist."

"Quite so. The real ones are rare as earless rabbits he said so himself, though there are many counterfeits. But there is one such Wimblewhak, and I know him well. His body is thick and round, and so are his legs and arms, and his coloring is a sort of dark brown. His belly folds over and over on itself and he supports it in his lap while he sits under his tree, which he calls the 'True Diet Tree, of the delicious variety'."

"And all he has to do," said the Polecat, "is to sit



with his stomach in his lap and the tree feeds him all he needs?"

"Exactly".

"That does seem to be a most pleasant and desirable way to live." The Polecat paused to sniff at the base of a tree where he succeeded in uncovering a piece of food, which he ate. After he had swallowed it all he hesitantly addressed the Rodent. "Rodent, will you tell me something?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Could this Wimblewhak be visited? Would you take me to see him and maybe speak to him, and satisfy this wretched curiosity of mine?"

"Well now, Polecat, we seem to have you interested. I don't know why not, except that he won't speak to you."

"Why so?"

"Because he only speaks with other creatures at special, designated times."

"When is that?"

"Directly after the last drops of a thunderstorm have fallen."

"And why only then, Rodent? That seems a strange time."

"I don't know. But if you like, we can still go and show him to you. I have never heard him say that he disliked being watched, so I doubt he'd mind."



The Rodent led the Polecat through the woods, up a hill and across a stream. They walked for quite a ways, but neither minded the distance, the day being invigorating and the thought of seeing the Wimblewhak inviting. But as they went, the Polecat noticed that there appeared to be less and less fruit and nuts on the trees, and fewer berries in the bushes. Even bugs and palatable animals were rarely seen. Soon the Polecat saw nothing at all in the woods that he would put in his mouth. "Tell me," he said to the Rodent, "What do creatures in this region eat? I see nothing of any food value anywhere."

"That does not mean that food is not here, just because *you* don't see it!" replied the Rodent. "Now be quiet and hide in this bush, the Wimblewhak is over there."

The Polecat looked in the direction that the Rodent pointed out. Sure enough, there was the Wimblewhak, strange and round, and just the way the Rodent had described him. He was sitting crosslegged over the roots of a large, smoothskinned tree with leaves so thick that no fruit or nuts could be seen in its branches. The Wimblewhak was thoughtfully chewing on something and his wide, puffy cheeks worked rhythmically. Then, stepping out of the bush, the Polecat opened his mouth and was about to address the stranger in a friendly way; just as he would for any other being, unless it was edible.

But the Rodent quickly grabbed him by the tail and snatched him back into the shrubbery. "Don't go out there, and don't say anything!"

"Why not?" asked the startled Polecat.

"You must never disturb the Wimblewhak when he is eating. It is one of his strictest Rules. Never, never, never!"

"Oh then, please excuse me."

The Rodent and Polecat listened and watched the Wimblewhak for a long time while he ate some sort of fruit that had evidently fallen out of the tree and been gathered at the creature's side. Finally the Polecat turned to the Rodent and asked, "What sort

of fruit is that that he eats? I can't name it from this distance."

"I can't name it either," said the Rodent, "But I can say that it is a food of godly quality, perfect in every way — his True Diet."

"Surely it has some flaw, some sourness or blemish."

"None."

"Then surely it must in some way lack something, either nutritionally or tastewise."

"Nothing. The food that the Wimblewhak eats is perfect."

"Then his flesh must be of great substance and texture, and surely the most divinely tasteful of all."

"Quite so."

"Well, does anything try to eat him?"

"Heavens no!" said the Rodent.

"Why not?" asked the Polecat.

"Because no flesh-eating creature is wise enough to recognize the quality of the Wimblewhak's meat, which is fine with him."

"I see. And also, his excrement must be of a wonderful type, being composed of only the finest foods and uncontaminated."

"True."

"Then it would seem that if he could not share his True Diet, then he might his excrement."

"Impossible."

"Why?"

"Because he eats it himself," said the Rodent.

"Indeed!"

But it was true. At that moment the Wimblewhak did that very thing. Then he did something almost as confounding as that; he leaned over and lifted up one



of the folds in his fleshy belly. Unbuttoning what must have been a belly button, the Wimblewhak made a big opening in its stomach and promptly stuck in his head. This dumbfounded the Polecat, and he asked the Rodent, "Now what is he doing?"

"He's introspecting."

"Doing what?!"

"Introspecting," said the Rodent, "he's looking inside himself so that he can be a better Wimblewhak."

"Can he be better by having his noggin stuck in his belly?"

"Sure! He can *see* and *feel* what he is eating and watch it digest and so forth and so on."

"Well it is indeed a curious practice; and, one I'll give some consideration before I take it up," said the Polecat.

"Do what you like," said the Rodent.

"Another thing," proceeded the Polecat after a bit of a lull, "Does the Wimblewhak not have any family or friends?"

"He does not."

"Why?"

"I'm not certain. I suppose it's because he knows truly what family and friends are."

"And what does he say they are?"

"He says that they are, along with everything else,

projections of his imagination—extensions of his intellect. That means that he imagines everything there is in the world."

"Us too?"

"Us too."

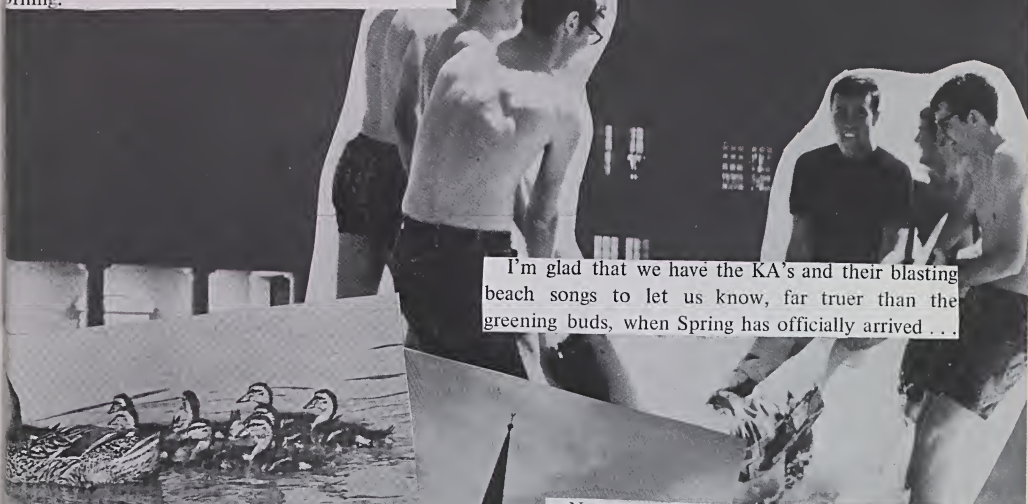
The Polecat was visibly disturbed by this startling information. He wrestled with it for a while and the more he thought about it the more it bothered him. Presently, he lifted a foreleg and put it in his mouth and bit into it with his pin-sharp teeth. When he felt the pain, he gave a little yelp and jumped in the air, shaking the bush.

"Now why did you do that?" asked the Rodent.

The Polecat said only, "That Wimblewhak sure has got one fine imagination!" Then he said good-day to the Rodent and started home, for he was nearly starved to death.

On the way home the Polecat decided that he would at least give the Wimblewhak method a try. He opened his mouth up to the trees, and nearly got lost in the woods doing it; but the only thing that fell in his mouth was a bitter old leaf, certainly not the makings of a True Diet. So soon the Polecat gave up on it and found himself a furry woods animal that he had to wrestle and chase a long time before he could eat it. But when he caught it, and its warm flesh was in his mouth, it was good.

I'll never forget the dorm life—the joys of close
ends and the pains of not-so-close friends, but most
all the noisy voices into the wee hours of the
orning.

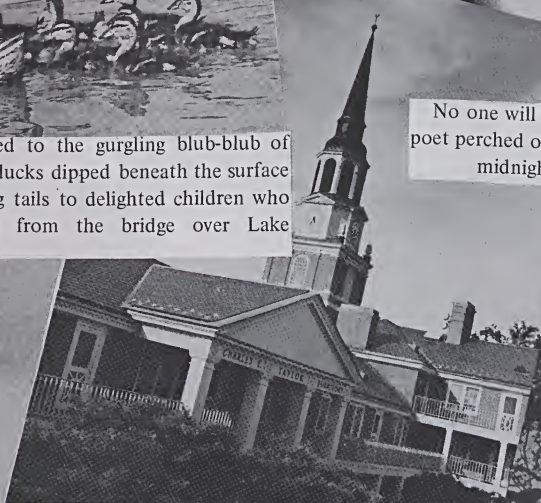


I'm glad that we have the KA's and their blasting
beach songs to let us know, far truer than the
greening buds, when Spring has officially arrived . . .

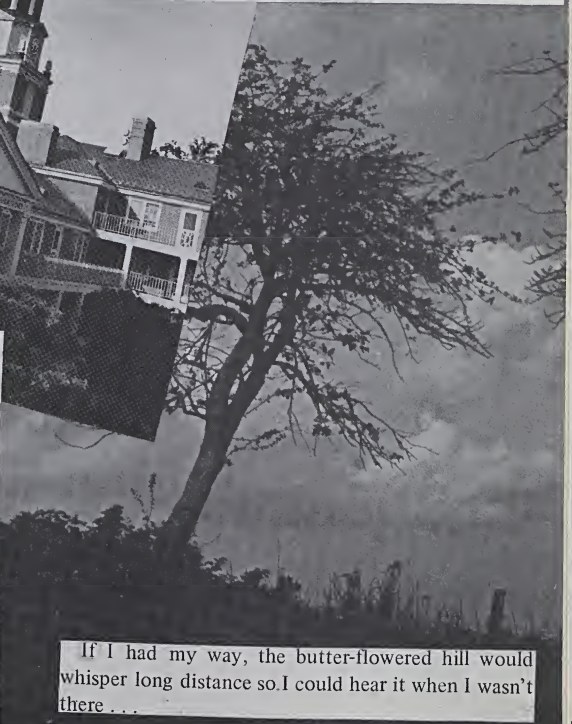


Whatever happened to the gurgling blub-blub of
bluish water as ducks dipped beneath the surface
showed wiggling tails to delighted children who
bread crumbs from the bridge over Lake
Trine?

No one will believe the redbrick screech of a lonely
poet perched on the four-prong steeple top
midnight after midnight



I never forget *la dolce, dolce vita*, the burnished
n, the sweet and swirling sadness of the Adriatic
le. (from WF-in-Venice)



If I had my way, the butter-flowered hill would
whisper long distance so. I could hear it when I wasn't
there . . .



